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Biogr.

The Gift of
Henry G. Denny, Esq.
of Boston.

Rec'd July 14th.

MEMOIRS,

OF

MRS. SUSAN HUNTINGTON,

OF

BOSTON, MASS.

DESIGNED FOR THE YOUNG.

BY AN EARLY FRIEND.

NEW-HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

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1855. July 14, The Gift of
Henry C. Lenny, Esq.
of Boston.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1831, by A. H. MALTBY, in the Clerk's Office, of the District of Connecticut.

BALDWIN AND TREADWAY, PRINTERS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the little work now presented to the public is to portray the character of Mrs. Huntington in her childhood and youth, with more minuteness, than was found convenient in the larger volume.

The interesting memoir, of this excellent woman, has been extensively circulated in our country; and has also been published in England, with a preliminary essay by Montgomery. It is a book which will continue to be read with a lively interest wherever piety is valued; and to her own sex is especially recommended as a work from which they may derive much practical instruction.

The present work is intended more particularly for the benefit of youth; and with reference to this design, a few of the letters from the original memoir have been selected, as well suited to interest and improve this class of readers.

The first knowledge which we wish to impart to our children is the knowledge of that great and good Being who created all things. Before they can read, we can make them acquainted with his character, through the medium of his works. Man, the noblest of his works naturally becomes an object of contemplation; and in this way a taste for biography may be so early implanted, that but few will remember its beginning. Let the Bible precede all other books; and the biographical sketches there, will be found to excite a more lively interest, than any fic-

titious tale which we can procure; unless the fact that the latter is untrue be kept out of sight.

Almost all children ask instinctively, when a narration is read "Is this a true story?" and we have often witnessed the painful disappointment occasioned by the discovery that it was false. Religious biography is read with more universal interest, probably, than any other species of religious reading. How important then, that the lives of those who were pious in childhood be presented to the young; that at this erring period, they may have models continually before them, not only of ministers, missionaries, and martyrs, who have fought the good fight; but of little children and youth also, who were beset with temptations like their own and were enabled to triumph over them.

MEMOIRS, &c.

Mrs. Susan Huntington was a daughter of the Rev. Achilles Mansfield of Killingworth, in the state of Connecticut. On the maternal side, she was descended from the Rev. John Elliot, who bears the title of the "Indian Apostle." Susan Mansfield was the youngest of three children. She was born Jan. 27th 1791.

At an early age she manifested a very inquisitive mind, particularly on subjects connected with religion and morals. Her sensibility was exquisite, her disposition very docile, and it seemed necessary only to point out to her her duty, to secure its performance. Her conscientiousness was so remarkable in very early childhood, that it is said her father often expressed his firm belief that she was sanctified from her birth. One of her relatives writes thus respecting this subject.

"My opinion of Mrs. Huntington's conversion has always accorded with her mother's (though she herself entertained a different one) viz. that she was sanctified in infancy. The uncommon traits of cha-

racter, which she exhibited, when a mere child, can be accounted for on no other principle. She seemed to possess an intuitive perception of what was wrong in opinion and practice.

"From her earliest years, she was remarkable for simplicity and godly sincerity of character; a fearlessness in avowing sentiments which she knew were right; and a boldness, a holy boldness, in defending them, wherever she was, and however unwelcome or unfashionable they might appear; and this at the timid age of thirteen or fourteen years. I have often looked at her with amazement, that she could exert sufficient fortitude and confidence, to introduce and converse upon religious subjects, in a circle composed entirely of the gay and thoughtless of both sexes; at a time when vital religion was at its lowest ebb; when darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. I *now* think, it required a degree of moral courage which few christians, even ministers of the gospel, are able to exert."

"I remember," says the same friend, "that at twelve years of age, at our house, she reproved a gentleman, eminent for science, for a remark which she thought had an infidel tendency."

Other friends regarded Susan as pious at five years of age; but she herself, though probably unable to decide with precision, ultimately considered sixteen as the period when she became a subject of grace. Whatever the fact may have been, it

is certain that her tenderness of conscience, her dread of sin, and grief on account of it, seem not to belong to the unrenewed heart. When a very little girl, after having retired to rest one night, she was found to be weeping; and as her distress seemed uncommon, one of the family, probably her mother, went immediately to her room and inquired why she thus wept. Her grief was obviously that of the heart, and she was tenderly urged to tell the cause. She immediately replied with great ingenuousness, that she had been stealing. My readers can hardly conceive of the dismay of a pious parent, in receiving such a disclosure from such a child. On being urged to explain herself, she immediately said, that she had that day passed a very beautiful garden where were many flowers: she stopped to admire, and seeing a very pretty rose putting its head quite through the fence, she had picked it off. How few children, even among those who are favored with the privileges of the present day, would have felt similar compunctions for such an act. Her love of truth was as conspicuous as her honesty, and we never heard of her telling a falsehood, or of her giving even an evasive answer. So very scrupulous was she on this subject, that she seemed afraid to assert any thing with regard to the past without some qualifying expression like the following,—"if I have not forgotten, or, if I rightly remember." It is true that Susan Mansfield had the advantage of a religious education, and that her pa-

rents were very exemplary. But my young readers must remember that a religious education in that day was a very different thing from what it is now. Probably she had never heard of a Sabbath school; as for religious books like those with which children are now favored, they were almost unknown. Watts' Hymns, the Catechisms, the New-England Primer, with the religious lessons of the spelling book, comprised most of the religious reading to which children generally had access. There were a very few others, such as Miss More's repository tracts; Janeway's token; Misses Magazine; (the latter translated from the French, and containing little that was religious, excepting bible stories, and these interspersed with fairy tales;) a little book called Early Piety; and Bunyan's works: but these were very rare, possessed only by a few families and not considered by children as designed to promote their conversion. There were no tract societies in those days, and probably this little girl never heard of a tract in her childhood. Children were taught to read the bible and say their prayers and hymns and catechisms, with the hope that in maturer years they might reap the benefit of those instructions; and this was called, in most cases, a religious education. Early conversions were not talked of; and it is to be feared, were not generally expected, even by pious parents. Those who gave their children to God in the ordinance of baptism; did not always think themselves *christians*; and those

who did, were entering into a covenant with God with the hope, that at some distant period their offspring might be brought into the church; and these children seldom felt that the baptismal vows taken by their parents imposed upon *them* any obligation to a holy life, until they had children of their own. In the revival of 1740, described by President Edwards, we do indeed find an account of the conversion of a little girl of four years of age, and of a number of other children under fourteen years. But these were considered as wonders and were not generally known at the period we are describing. In view of all the disadvantages under which the subject of these remarks labored, we may well consider her as a remarkable child.

The writer of these memoirs, though favored with a personal acquaintance with Susan, does not remember to have seen her until the age of eleven or twelve. At this time she was a blooming little girl, possessing much vivacity, though her sprightliness did not incline her to the ordinary sports of children of that age. On recalling her to mind at this distant period, as she then appeared, her cheerfulness seems to have been that resulting from true piety; love to God, and love to her fellow beings, so blended with the buoyancy and simplicity of childhood as to form a most interesting combination. She had never been taught to dance, or been present at a fashionable dinner or tea party; and yet she was refined and lovely. A little

girl accustomed to the society of a large city, will ask how this could be. I will tell her that she possessed the refinement of a cultivated intellect and the benevolence of the gospel. She was always neatly dressed, but one of her friends who knew her from a child writes thus respecting her: "She was remarkable for perfect indifference to personal ornament, and never conversed upon the subject with any interest." This indifference was very obvious during the subsequent periods of her life. It has been said that her vivacity in childhood did not incline her to the ordinary sports of children of that age; neither did it in youth. The assembly of mirth and gaiety had no attractions for her.

On one occasion, it is said, that she was urged to attend a ball in her native village with her older sister. She positively but kindly refused. On her sister's return at a late hour she found Susan reading her bible; as she entered she raised her eyes and fixing them on Eliza, said with great meekness, "Sister, have you enjoyed yourself?" This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and it is said never afterward attended a ball.

Though educated in a retired village, her pleasures were various and of a high order. She loved rural life, and contemplated, with an exquisite relish, the works of nature; because she looked "through nature up to nature's God."

In the essay, preliminary to the English edition of

her works, there is a remark, indicating that the author did not consider her talents as brilliant. From this opinion we must dissent. In her letters, however, which furnished *him* with the only means of judging, we know that brilliancy was not especially conspicuous. They were mostly written amidst numerous parochial and family cares; and Mrs. Huntington justly considered the cultivation of solid and useful talent, as more particularly necessary for her sphere of action, than any other. In childhood and youth we can discover strong indications of native brilliancy. She evinced a great taste for poetry and music; and made early attempts at the composition of both. She spent much of her time in writing, when very young; and, though a very modest little girl, gave to her particular friends, when requested, many of these early efforts of her pen, which were often shown by them as indications of early genius. She seems to have discovered this, and afterwards became very reserved with regard to them, declining entirely to show any of her attempts at poetry, and manifesting a great dread of being known to write verses at all. Frankness and simplicity were her prominent characteristics, and she seems to have been entirely free from that vanity and self-complacency, so common to children who are much commended.

Her biographer states that her education was chiefly under the paternal roof, and at the common schools in her native town. The only instruction which she received from any other source, was at a classical

school, kept in Killingworth, during two seasons. Dr. Mansfield was a man of liberal education, and well qualified to impart to his daughter the instruction which she required. But we learn from her relatives that he was in no sense her regular daily teacher. In English families it is the custom when children cannot be sent abroad, to have a regular daily school, kept by the parents or elder sister at home; but this has never been generally the custom in New England, and in the present case we know that no such advantages were enjoyed. The father of this little girl, not only had the duties of a large parish to prevent, but was obliged to work daily on his farm to aid him in the support of his family, and therefore the parental instruction which she received, must have been entirely incidental, and given chiefly as elicited by her natural inquisitiveness. In one respect she was highly favored. Her parents justly appreciated the value of mental improvement; and gave her her own time to devote to it. It has been shown above that few books for children, were circulated during the period of her childhood; but she read much in early life. The bible was her constant companion, it is believed, from childhood. Very early did she understand and revere its precepts. This she regarded as the first and best of books. She also read history, and to some extent the writings of the best English poets, and we remember to have seen some thoughts of her's in verse, on Pope's satires on women; written, we think, as

early as the age of fourteen or fifteen, and perhaps at an earlier period. We find the following letter, to one of her juvenile correspondents on reading Beattie's Minstrel.

Killingworth, March 4, 1808.

I have read the sweet little poem, whose admirable author you so much admire, and am happy that we are alike pleased with it. Some of his descriptions are inimitably charming and picturesque, and some of his observations concerning the ways of providence very just, especially when he says,

'One part, one little part, we dimly scan,' &c.

in which he is condemning us for doubting the wisdom and goodness of providence. My ideas correspond with his on this interesting subject, for I firmly believe that

'Oft from apparent ill, our blessings rise.'

All things, we are assured, work together for good to them that love God. And, as we are ignorant of the manner in which our heavenly Father is pleased to overrule events for our happiness, it is extremely reprehensible in us to be dissatisfied with any of his appointments. The prayer of the true christian is, 'Make me happy with prosperity; but, above all, give me conformity to, and contentment with, thy will.'

I have been reading Cowper also, and love his sentiments, his expressions, and his works, entire,

dearly. Perhaps you will think I speak with the rapture of an enthusiast, rather than with the reasonable animation of a reasonable creature. But how can one fail to be delighted with the mild, delicate, and pious sentiments which continually flow from the amiable author of the Task? In all his expressions he is "simple, grave, sincere;" his style, alike removed from the turgid and the weak, and peculiarly free from that affectation which was his "perfect scorn."

I cannot sufficiently express the value I place upon this excellent work. Some of his "Winter evening" descriptions fill me with pleasure. I, in fancy, visit the lonely spots he describes, and wander with him over each heath and plain. I love the man for his meek and benevolent spirit. His writings are entirely free from that acrimony, (which distinguishes some of the English poets,) of satire against any class whom he disliked.

The intelligence that the Lord is visting you with the showers of his grace, and causing the Sun of Righteousness to shine on N—— H——, and the neighboring towns, affords me unspeakable pleasure.

If I know my own heart, I ardently long for the universal promulgation and reception of that religion, which alone can make men happy. And, blessed be the God of mercies! he will not leave his work unfinished. I rejoice that so many are

hopefully turned from darkness unto light. May this happy state of things long continue, and your light shine more and more, unto the perfect day.

To the same friend, in December of the same year, she wrote another, indicating a taste for a different species of reading, and exhibiting evidence of strong thought and much reflection. The book referred to, was one which we should not have expected a young lady, of her age, to read at all. It contains four essays on important subjects, full of interesting original thought, but written in a style possessing few attractions for youth, and requiring indeed in the adult reader, very profound attention.

Killingworth, Dec. 20, 1808.

I have been reading Foster's Essays. I admire them greatly. You recollect, I presume, what he says respecting romantic friendship. I fear his remarks are too true. He is certainly a man of great discernment, and has an extensive knowledge of human nature. I was surprised to observe with what facility he makes the minutest events in nature subservient to the design of his work; and how, even those circumstances or occurrences of life which we should judge of no importance, are, by him, recorded with an accuracy of recollection which we
an energy of expression which makes th
illustrate his ideas than, perhaps, any th
have done. The essay on decision of c

admirably well executed piece; and, were the world more virtuous, we should rejoice in its principles being instilled into every breast. Ardor and invincibility in a good cause, would be the source of numberless blessings to the world. But when we consider the depraved state of the minds and morals of men, I think we have reason to bless the benevolent Parent of the universe, that he has not endowed a greater number of individuals with this fixedness of determination in any favorite pursuit; as from it, when not controlled by virtuous principle, must result innumerable and unheard of dangers and distresses. Were it probable that, with all this inflexibility of temper, the influential motives which prompted the execution of any design would be good; and that the heart which was the subject of this firmness and decision, would be capable of that refinement, humanity, and deference to the opinions of others, which characterize beings of a more flexible stamp, we might wish every person in possession of it; as virtue and the good of all mankind, would be the ultimate object to which all its energies would be directed. These, however, Foster himself acknowledges, are rarely united; and he regrets that almost all the examples of decision which he mentions, are among the cruel and tyrannical part of mankind. The reason, you recollect, which he assigns for it is, that a man of a decided character will, almost unavoidably, become indifferent to the opinions and advice of others;

or, from a consciousness of possessing superior talents consider himself as having an almost exclusive right of judging, and therefore, condemn all opinions which do not exactly coincide with his. Such a man would, I should think, become a cynic or misanthrope, a torture to himself, and a source of misery to his friends; more especially, if he had not some great object in view, to employ his time and attention; or, most of all, if his schemes should, in the end, disappoint his expectations.

This was written just before she had completed her seventeenth year; considered as a familiar letter to a friend, would it not be thought a happy mental effort for most young ladies at our best schools, with all the superior advantages of the modern system of education.

A little more than three months after, we find her writing to a religious friend in New-Haven, upon the subject of the revival of religion which they were then enjoying in that city, in a manner which surprises us, when we consider how rare such communications were at that day. Religious newspapers were then unknown in our country, and the language and thoughts of this letter appear the more wonderful in so youthful a correspondent.

Killingworth, March 31, 1809.

'I received your kind letter, my beloved M——, with the most cordial pleasure. It is some time since I

heard from my good friends at N— H—; and I hope I feel sensations of gratitude to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, that he has preserved you from sickness and death until the present time, and that he has not withdrawn the precious influences of his Spirit, but is still causing the showers of divine grace to descend upon your favored town. May the glorious work be continued, until your righteousness shall go forth as brightness, and your salvation as a lamp that burneth.

It is certainly true, my dear friend, that frequently, when there is an uncommon attention to religion, there is also an uncommon zeal in defending or opposing things unessential. That the christian world is so divided in its opinions, is a circumstance which must excite sorrow in the bosom of every member of the family of God. But so long as human nature is subject to err, and as long as there are different doctrines taught by those who undertake to expound the scriptures of truth, this must unavoidably be the case. We are not to condemn any, who differ from us in some points of faith, but hold to the fundamental doctrines of christianity. A proceeding so uncharitable, has no sanction in the benevolent and perfect rules of the gospel. That the best men are liable to embrace, and have embraced errors, is amply evident from the least acquaintance with ecclesiastical history. This fact, together with the numerous exhortations in scripture to the exercise of charity, should lead us

to view with candor and impartiality the opinions of others, to examine them faithfully before we condemn them, and if we must condemn them because we find them to be fundamental errors, to do it in the meekness of the christian temper. Yet, as I have already intimated, while we endeavor to avoid unjust and uncharitable censure of others for their religious opinions, we must be careful not to sacrifice at the shrine of modern "liberality" the faith once delivered to the saints; we must not sanction, even by our silence, principles subversive of the great truths inculcated by Christ and his prophets and apostles. There is a manifest difference between those divisions among nominal christians which relate merely to the externals of religion, or to doctrines which do not nearly affect the foundations of the christian faith, and those which are repugnant or contrary to the essential doctrines of the gospel, and which, openly or secretly, aim at the basis of the gospel system. To those who differ from us in relation to the former, we may and ought to extend our fellowship. But errorists of the latter description, should be strenuously opposed, if we would obey the divine injunction to contend earnestly for the faith. We are not indeed to oppose them with severity and acrimony, but with that firmness which arises from a consciousness of being on the Lord's side, a firmness which, while it precludes our being turned about by every wind of doctrine, is accompanied with meekness and

discretion. In the primitive church some were for Paul, others for Apollos, and others for Cephas. And yet they may all have been real disciples of Christ; for Paul, Apollos and Cephas all preached, (though with some unimportant variations, which were made the occasion of those divisions,) the same method of salvation; they all preached Christ crucified, the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation to them which believe; and therefore the sincere followers of each were true christians. At the present day also, it is of little consequence whether men are Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, or Baptists; for, although some one of these denominations is doubtless nearer being right than the others, a person may embrace the peculiarities of either, and yet be a christian. But it is of the highest importance whether we be Orthodox, Unitarians, Pelagians, or Antinomians; for the distinctive principles of these sects immediately affect the foundations of christianity, and must, other things being equal, have a material influence upon the morals of mankind; on the points which separate these classes of, what is loosely called, the christian world, we cannot be too solicitous not to err; for an error here may be fatal. Such, if I understand you, is the distinction which you make. I can therefore yield an entire assent to your remark that "did christians study more to avoid foolish and unprofitable questions, and give more of their attention to the essentials of the gospel, we should see less

of the virulence of party spirit and more of the fruits of piety.

How unhappy it is, my dear friend, that the little family of Christ should be so torn with internal animosities and feuds; and that at a time when the state of the world seems to render it peculiarly necessary, that all its members should be bound together in the unity of the Spirit and in the bonds of peace. At no period in the history of the church, can we discover so many and such powerful efforts of the prince of this world and his adherents, to destroy its purity, and its very existence, as at the present time. What were the clamors of the ancient Jews, what were the distressing persecutions of the idolatrous Gentiles, and what were the contemptuous opprobriums of the infidel philosophers of former days, capable of effecting toward the overthrow of christianity, compared with that spirit of Antichrist which has now gone forth into the world,—a spirit which, while it professes to admire, directs all its energies to the destruction of, the religion of Christ? The former gave the blow openly, the latter gives the deadly stab in secret. The former depressed, but did not corrupt, the truth: the latter infuses its poison into the very principles of our faith, and leaves us nothing of christianity but the form and the name. Surely these are "the last times" spoken of in the sure word of prophecy, when many shall be given up to strong delusions, and left to believe a lie, and when faith shall hardly be found on the earth.

But, thanks be to God, he is showing us, by the effusions of his Spirit on various places, that he still remembers his church, and will not suffer the gates of hell to prevail against it. And blessed be his name for the assurance, that none shall be able to pluck his real children out of the Savior's hands, or prevent his giving unto them eternal life! Oh, my friend, let us pray for each other. And may He, who is the believer's hope, finally present us faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy!

It is not surprising that a young lady of her age accustomed as she was to the society of the clergy in her Father's house should be able to repeat their language; but we find in her letters on moral and theological subjects convincing evidence that she had read and thought for herself, and what is still more gratifying, that her language and sentiments proceeded not only from a mind capable of investigating these momentous subjects, but from a heart which felt and deeply valued their importance.

One of her letters to Mr. D. of —— shows you her habits of thinking and reading as well as her discrimination on theological subjects at this early age. The circumstances which drew forth this letter were the following. When a boy of eleven or twelve he was placed in her father's family with some other lads to prepare for college. He was one year younger than Susan; but a similarity of tastes and opinions

soon led to an intimate acquaintance. They were both distinguished for the same love of truth and abhorrence of affectation; accustomed to reflect much on moral subjects and alike fond of argumentative conversation. They were also both lovers of music and poetry.

After Mr. D. entered college which he did the autumn before he was 13, he was devoted to his classical pursuits, and consequently had but little time for friends at home or abroad; so that their intercourse, as she lived at a distance, was necessarily suspended. On graduating, however, and feeling undecided with regard to his future profession, his mind naturally recurred to his former friend; with whom he had been in the habit of discussing his favorite topics. In referring to her for advice on so important a subject, he certainly evinced great respect for her judgment; and it is a convincing proof that their conversation, when together, had been of a higher stamp, than is common among children of that age. As both letters are remarkable for youths—for he was not then 17, and she but a year older—they shall be transcribed for the perusal of my youthful readers.

N—— H——, Oct. 10, 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Never did I feel so strong a reluctance to leave Killingworth as I experienced the last time. Many things conspired to endear that place, which either did not exist before, or for some reason produced no

such effect upon my mind as at this time. You doubtless will wonder at my appearing so uninterested, while with you, in that which could not but engross your thoughts in a great measure, and which was often necessarily called to mind,—the death of your dear Eliza! Oh, it was not because I did not feel the subject. Heaven forbid that I should forget a friend so dear. But my tears, I am confident, could not fail to arouse the sensibility of an afflicted sister. The virtues of Eliza shall be had in remembrance by me, until my heart becomes callous to every sentiment of virtue, and there remains not a tear to shed over departed excellence and worth. It is with pleasing melancholy, that I recount the many interchanges of kind regard which passed between us, while she was living; and the thought that time with her is no more, is stripped of its gloom by the pleasing consideration, that

> "'Twas but the voice which Jesus sent,
> To call us to his arms."

Who, in possesion of her virtues, particularly of that lively faith in the Redeemer which she manifested in her last sickness, might not chaunt triumphantly, "O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

Did I know by experience what you feel, I would willingly seek a remedy for your distress, but not in the transitory things of time; I would direct you whither your soul has often fled with christian

fervor, to the cross of Jesus, but I forbear; methinks your heart is ready to respond, "thy will be done."

You doubtless recollect, that I expressed a wish to ask advice of you on a paticular subject. I would not trouble you with a relation of my own troubles, were I not persuaded that the best remedy for a melancholy mind is the advice of a friend, who is at all times ready and able to advise. It has generally been thought that the time which elapses between leaving college, and an engagement in some permament occupation, is the most critical period of human life. I never could imagine it to be so, till I find it to be true, by my own personal experience. This is the time when interests clash, and feelings prove discordant.

One is hindered from his darling pursuits, by the opposition of fashion and gayety; another perverts the natural bent of his mind, by listening to the voice, and obeying the dictates of pretended friends; a third finds himself under the necessity of summoning all the latent energies of the soul, to encounter the various incitements to a profligate life, held out by wealth and splendor; a fourth hesitates between the possession of honor, and power, and the retirement of private life; a fifth is dazzled by the false glare of popular applause, and enthusiastic admiration, and is in doubt whether it is not best to add to the pride of the natural heart, that vanity which seeks the exaltation of the creature above its Creator; a sixth is necessitated to halt between two opinions, from a half persuasion that he

is right, though opposed by the prejudices of real friends, and the earnest hopes of all his connections.

Thus all have perplexities to confront, and trials to undergo; the naturally meek and amiable, no less than the proud and morose; the practically virtuous, no less than those who are distinguished for the most open vices. Unhappily, to young men thus situated, the experience of such as are more advanced in life, and the advice which is the result of it, seldom furnish any standard of decision. Indeed it is the fault of human nature that men are too prone to neglect to profit by the experience of others,—a fault for which no adequate remedy can be discovered. At present I find nothing in myself, which seems to free me from the imputation of this neglect. But on the contrary, the more I search into my own heart, the more I become sensible of my own imperfections in this particular. My situation at present is peculiarly critical. It has ever been my desire and my determination to preach the gospel. At one time a heartfelt distrust of my qualifications for that sacred office, almost forces me to relinquish my darling object, and with it all my hopes of earthly happiness. At another the consideration that the best of men are not without their imperfections and that a contrite heart is the surest test of the christian character, comes home to my mind with no ordinary degree of force, and causes my prospects of future good, to wear an unclouded aspect. I have accordingly resolved, if God

sees fit to enlighten and sanctify my heart, for which every rising and setting sun shall be a witness of my fervent prayers to him, I will apply myself to the study of Theology, and adopt the determination of the blessed apostle, to know nothing but the Lord Jesus Christ and him crucified. It is the earnest wish of my friends, that I should become a Presbyterian minister; but my heart's desire has for a length of time, been directed to a different object. There is no doctrine, however, generally maintained among Presbyterians, to which I have any material objection to offer.

My views of the doctrine of regeneration, are somewhat different from those which you entertain, as well as from those maintained by many Episcopalians. I cannot believe that our Savior had no reference to infant baptism in his words to Nicodemus; and the notion which many Episcopalians have imbibed, that all infants are regenerated in baptism, is in my view utterly unfounded. In my opinion our Savior, in his words to Nicodemus, refered to baptism rightly received; and consequently all infants which are offered up in baptism, through faith on the part of the parents, are regenerated, or in other words, are born of water and the spirit. With regard to the other controverted points, viz, predestination to life, justification by faith alone, and final perseverance of the saints, I think I am finally and fully settled in my own mind. I have already given you my views of the first, which

are none other than you yourself entertain. As it respects justification by faith alone, I am persuaded that you are right. I presume you regard faith, as the disposition, or more properly the affection of the heart towards God, which prompts to good and virtuous actions. When I spoke of good works I meant not the outward acts, which are nothing without the heart, but the dispositions with which they are performed. So that faith and what I called good works are synonymous.

It is true that good works or external acts as you say, are necessary only as evidences of our faith, but still no faith is of any avail, unless followed by good works, in cases where good works can be performed. The Antinomian heresy, consisted in a belief that he who had faith was safe, and needed in no sense the aid of works, or in other words that Christians might sit still, faith being all that is necessary,—an equally dangerous extreme with its opposite. The perseverance of the saints, is, in my view, a doctrine which little concerns us. The word of God is by no means very explicit upon the subject, probably because, if carried too far, it might chance to lead men astray from the truth into the dark and fatal errors of Antinomianism. On the contrary its pages are filled with exhortations to Christians to be watchful and alive in order to avoid the dangers of the seducer. Whether the doctrine be true or not, applied to us it is a matter of mere moral possibility; for surely no physical power

is wanting on the part of the Christian to persevere or fall away. Whether all do persevere after once renewed, is in my view known only to Him who foreknoweth all things. Thus have I given you a brief summary of my sentiments, on those subjects which for ages have been the topics of debate. This I should not have done had I not been persuaded that it would furnish you with better grounds for judging, concerning the subject in hand, than you could possibly derive from an abstract consideration of it. I will add but one thing further on the subject. I should not hesitate to answer the wishes of my friends did I not think that I should be an instrument of more good to the souls of men, were I to engage in the Episcopal course. Such a dilemma is indeed dreadful, and I see no means of extricating myself from it, but by asking advice of those who feel an interest in my welfare.

My letter has been already protracted to an unusual length. I have only to subjoin my best respects to your father's family, and all enquiring friends, and to request a remembrance of me, as

Your affectionate friend,

D. L. D.

TO MR. D. OF ———

Killingworth, Nov. 22, 1808.

The friendship which you feel for us all, and which we all feel for you, rendered any apology, in regard

it also prevents or clouds that approbation of our own hearts, founded on the firm persuasion that we are good soldiers in a good cause, which is as an anchor to the soul. I wish it were in my power to give you all that advice you desire from your friends, and to direct your mind to the course of duty and of happiness. I would direct you to that divine Book which contains directions for all, given by ONE who cannot misguide; directions, which, if followed, will conduct to usefulness and happiness, both here and hereafter. Seek from the fountain of grace, wisdom profitable to direct, and grace to help; and be assured, you will not seek in vain.

You say, it has a long time, been your desire to preach the gospel, and that, though at times a sense of your unworthiness leads you almost to relinquish this your darling object, yet you feel that by relinquishing it, you would give up also all your hopes of earthly happiness. If this is the case, if you also feel this pursuit your duty, if you indeed desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and if you ardently long to glorify God and benefit the souls of men, I certainly think you ought to enter the ministry. Your distrust of yourself is no ground for discouragement. On the contrary, if you did not feel your weakness and unworthiness, you would have reason to doubt whether you had ever seen your true character, as delineated in the Scriptures of truth. Grace operates by subduing the pride of man. Re-

nounce all dependence on yourself. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; and you need not fear.

With regard to the subject of Episcopacy which seems to engross so much of your attention, I think myself qualified to say but little. I have never entered into the spirit of the controversy, and have but little information on the subject. I would refer you to Dr. Mason,* Dr. Miller,† and others who have written, so far as I am informed, ably and scripturally, upon the topics in debate between the Presbyterians‡ and Episcopalians.

You think you can do more good as an Episcopal minister. Why? You must give some reason for supposing so, or you may fall under the appellation "romantic," according to Foster. What leads you to think you can do more good in the Episcopal church? Is it that Episcopal ministers are generally more successful in winning souls to Christ, than Presbyterian ministers? Or do you think that, if you enter that church, you will exceed other ministers, in both churches, so far as to be peculiarly blessed? Indeed, my friend, I would not damp your zeal, or cloud your

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* Articles in the Christian's Magazine, on Episcopacy.

† Letters concerning the Constitution and Order of the Christian Ministry.

‡ In Connecticut, the Congregationalists are usually called Presbyterians.

prospects of usefulness. I hope you may be blessed of God, and turn many to righteousness. But I believe, judging from facts and the promises of Scripture to all faithful heralds of the cross, that you may be as useful a minister in the Presbyterian as in the Episcopal church.

Are the doctrines which Episcopalians in this region, usually embrace, more scriptural than those held by the Presbyterians?

That baptism is not regeneration, appears to me so plain, from the scriptures and the best observation of the world around us, as to need no other demonstration. If it be, I do not see that any can be saved, but those who have been baptized; for our Savior explicitly affirms, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And can you adopt a sentiment which leads to such a conclusion?

You seem, however, rather to suppose that regeneration may be regarded, as always accompanying baptism, when the subject is presented in the proper spirit. If parents give up their children in this ordinance in faith, you appear to think, they may be, uniformly, regenerated. But who had worse children than Eli and David? And yet they were both holy men, and no doubt gave up their children to God in faith in the ordinance of circumcision. And do we not sometimes see the best parents, who, we cannot doubt, have, in faith, dedicated their offspring to God, and by both precept and example, taught them the way

of righteousness, afflicted with children who are utter strangers to the power of divine grace? If this be the case, we must either condemn such parents as hypocrites, or conclude that the opinion in question is erroneous. With regard to that expression of our Lord in his conversation with Nicodemus, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit," &c. it is, I think, evident, for the reasons just stated, that the phrase "born of water" does not mean baptism. Mr. Henry, author of the Commentary, thinks that water is used in this place figuratively, to express the cleansing or purifying effect of the saving influences of the Spirit. "The washing of regeneration" and "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire," are, in his opinion, phrases synonymous with this. But I have heard it objected, 'in saying that baptism is not regeneration, you depreciate its worth, and render it of little or no use.' By no means. It's not being a converting ordinance, is no reason why we should consider it useless and of no efficacy. Conversion is not immediately and inseparably connected with reading the Scriptures, and attending public worship; but they are not, on that account, to be regarded as of no use. They are means of grace, and those who do not use them will, most probably, never be converted. Baptism initiates the subject into the visible Church of Christ, and implies the most solemn engagements, on the part of the parents, to train up their child in the way he should go; and if they faithfully fulfil

their engagements, there is reason to hope, that when he is old he will not depart from it. If baptism is regeneration, Christ's exhortation, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," &c. was unnecessary, for the road to life is so broad and easy of access that few can miss it.

That the faith which is not followed by good works, is of no avail, I readily allow: or to speak more properly, if good works do not appear, there is no faith at all; the soul is unregenerate. Nevertheless, neither our faith, nor our good works, constitute, or make a part of, the ground or meritorious cause of our acceptance with God. It is certain that we cannot be saved without faith, for the Scripture saith, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Yet it is not our faith, as a virtue in us, which procures for us the complacent regard of Jehovah, but the merits of Christ, in which we become interested by faith. "Being," says the apostle "justified *freely*"—without any merit on our part, "by his grace, *through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.*" And the reason of this is obvious. Our faith can have no merit in it, because it is the gift of God. "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the *gift* of God."

The subject of the decrees of God, is one upon which I have never thought it profitable for me to

speculate. "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; the things which are revealed belong unto us." I have reason to blush that my mind is so enveloped in the shades of ignorance and unbelief, in regard to this and every other doctrine of the Bible. That "God did, out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elect some to everlasting life," I firmly believe, because it appears to me to be plainly taught in the Scriptures. But that this election destroys, or at all interferes with, the free-agency of man, I do not believe. It is my opinion that salvation by Jesus Christ should be preached indiscriminately to all, that all have the sincere offers of mercy, and therefore, that all who come short of salvation, must take all the blame of their destruction to themselves, while those who are saved must ascribe it wholly to the riches of sovereign grace. And is there any inconsistency in this? Because "God hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass," are we to conclude that all efforts on our part to repent and believe are unnecessary and that we are excusable in neglecting the means of grace? The Scriptures assure us, and we believe, that there is "an appointed time for man upon the earth," that "his days are determined, and the number of his months are with God," and that "he hath appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." But this does not prevent us, when we are sick, from using proper medicines for the recovery of health. We do not say; 'I will do nothing; if I am to die, I shall

die, at any rate; if not, I shall live, though I use no means for the preservation of life.' This, all admit, would be an absurd way of reasoning. But is it not equally absurd, to reason in the same manner with regard to our eternal concerns?

I believe we are naturally in a state of enmity to God, entirely depraved, "dead in trespasses and sins." Yet I do not believe that we are in such a sense unable to repent, believe in Christ, and love God, that we are in the least degree excusable for disobeying the divine commands which require us to do these things. The best Calvinistic writers, such as President Edwards, Andrew Fuller, &c. make a distinction between, what they call, natural and moral inability to obey the commands of God. If it were not the duty of unconverted sinners to believe in Christ, and that because of their inability; this inability must be natural, or something which does not arise from an evil disposition: but all the inability ascribed to a man, with respect to believing, arises from the aversion of his heart." Consequently, it is the duty of the sinner to believe in Christ; and it is altogether owing to this disinclination that he does not, as is evident from many passages of scripture, such as "*Ye will* not come to me that you might have life," "We *desire* not the knowledge of thy ways," "Men *love* darkness rather than light." "Surely," says Mr. Fuller, "the plainest and weakest Christian, in reading his Bible, if he pay any regard to what he reads, must

perceive a manifest difference between the blindness of Bartimeus, who was ardently desirous that he might receive his sight, and that of the unbelieving Jews, who closed their eyes, lest they should see, and be converted, and healed; and between the want of the natural sense of hearing, and the state of those who have ears, but hear not."

The doctrine of the perseverance of the saints I also believe, because I think it is plainly taught in the Bible. That many profess religion who never felt it, that many deceive themselves and others by a false show, and that many go considerable lengths in the external practice of the precepts, and acquire a considerable speculative knowledge and belief of the doctrines of the gospel, and that these frequently fall away from all which they ever did profess and believe, I have no doubt. And if the perseverance of true believers depended upon themselves, none would persevere. But it does not depend upon themselves. "In the Lord have they righteousness and strength." They build upon that "sure foundation stone which can never be moved." They trust in Him who says to his people, "I will never leave nor forsake you." And, saith the apostle, "God is true. All the promises of God, in Christ Jesus are yea and Amen." In another place he says, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be

able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And what were his reasons for this persuasion? Did it proceed from confidence in himself? No, "We are more than conquerors," says he, "through him that loved us." To "the saints in Christ Jesus which were at Philippi," he says, I am "confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." And the Savior says that his "sheep"—those that "hear his voice," "shall never perish," and that he will "give unto them eternal life." To believe that any who have been truly regenerated, will totally fall away and perish, would therefore, in my view, be to impeach the faithfulness of God.

Some have thought that the belief of this doctrine is calculated to make us remiss in the performance of duty, that it tends to make us relax our exertions to live near to God and to glorify him by a life of devotedness to his service. The speculative belief of it may, indeed, produce this effect upon the formalist and the hypocrite, but the belief of it with the heart, will have no such influence upon the real Christian. And the reason is this; the former performs all his duties solely because he feels that he must perform them to get to heaven, while the latter endeavors to be faithful, chiefly because he loves the service of God for its own sake. The former is entirely actuated by selfish principles; the latter, though he values

the welfare of his soul, is principally actuated by a regard to the glory of God. The consequence is, that the former, when he thinks he is safe, omits or slightly performs duties which he never loved, because he has no further use for them, as his own end is, he thinks, accomplished; whereas the latter performs them still, though he has attained the assurance of hope, not as a duty only, but as a pleasure. His confidence of being personally interested in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, makes him, if possible, more desirous, than he was before he attained to such a measure of grace, to glorify, by a well ordered life and conversation, that God, the breadth and length and depth and height of whose love for his soul, he finds, pass his knowledge. The saints in heaven know assuredly that they shall never fall from grace; but this does not damp the ardor of their love and zeal. This very knowledge increases the rapture, with which they give glory to Him who redeemed them unto God by his blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.

Were I not writing to a friend, and had you not requested my opinion upon the several subjects mentioned in your letter, I should consider some apology necessary for the character and length of this reply. In the present case, however, it is unnecessary.

Miss Mansfield made a public profession of religion,

April 19, 1807, and was married on the 18th of May, 1809, to the Rev. Joshua Huntington, the junior pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, Mass.

We have now arrived at an interesting period of her life, and some of my young readers may be ready to inquire with some solicitude, how so young a girl who had devoted so much of her time to literary and religious pursuits, could be qualified to fill the station which she was called to occupy, either as the mistress of a family, or the wife of a clergyman of an extensive parish in a large city. She must necessarily visit the people and move in polished circles; judgment and discretion were therefore eminently needed, and a knowledge of the forms of general society and the etiquette of city life was indispensable. She had indeed much to learn, but her facilities were great and such as some of my young readers may not readily consider. She possessed sound religious principles and a mind strengthened by reading and reflection. No doubt she was called not unfrequently, to the performance of duties uncongenial with her native taste and which she had never contemplated as coming within the sphere of her future action. Every thing was new. Her duties were numerous and arduous and her time fully occupied. How then did she succeed so well? I will tell you. It was her first object to find out the path of duty, and then she had a heart willing to perform it.

Her standard was high, and in ascertaining her

duty she went to her bible and her Savior with a heart unbiassed by any thing but a love of truth. In this her daily manual she found ample directions, and in the unfailing friend she had chosen as her portion, an unerring guide. It is only in this way that we can account for the influence she secured in her own family, in general society, and as the wife of a clergyman of so large and respectable a parish. Many with even greater intellectual endowments, and a more accomplished education would have utterly failed. She felt herself responsible to God for the manner in which she fulfilled all these duties; undeviating consistency and a constant course of self-denial were indispensable on her part. Her habits in early life were industrious, and she never knew how to fritter away time in the manner which is common among children and youth, because she had been early taught its value. She had been indeed favored by her parents and her seclusion from the world; with the command of her own time, and had accordingly spent more of it in literary acquisition, writing, and religious contemplation, than is common for young persons of her age and in her circumstances. To a person of her turn of mind, and her habits, there must have been something irksome in the dull routine of domestic occupation, had she not estimated things according to their just value, and viewed the daily business of her family as an important duty, to which she was religiously bound to attend, and in conducting which she early

learned the value of systematic regulations. Mrs. Huntington felt keenly the anxieties and responsibilities of life, but so far as we now recollect, the every day cares of her family, kept their own proper place. While she directed and regulated all these matters so as to make her house the abode of cheerfulness, cleanliness and good order, they did not form a topic of frequent discussion with her friends, or so engross her thoughts as to detract from her social enjoyments, or to prevent her being useful abroad. She encouraged every kind of mental improvement among females; but was never heard, as we believe, to speak contemptuously of those pursuits which are considered as belonging exclusively to the sphere of women; and however highly she might have valued elevated mental attainments, in any individual of her own sex, she would have pronounced her character incomplete as a woman, if she had found her ignorant of her domestic duties. On that subject she thus writes in her diary.

January 22. When I hear females, as I sometimes do, deprecating the contractedness of domestic life, and eagerly panting after the employments and publicity of philosophers, statesmen and legislators, I am led to think that my life, in the little sphere of my family, must be more varied than theirs, or they could not consider the duties of the domestic circle as unimportant, or devoid of excitements. It is true, if the meed to be obtained were mere human applause, the

female part of the world would have but little opportunity to shine; and might justly complain of the narrowness of their sphere, and the insignificance of their lot. But when it is considered that the quality of actions is determined by God, and that, in his view, the person who tears from his bosom a right-hand sin, or performs a self-denying duty, is greater than the hero or the conqueror, considered only as such; how is the case altered? how does it dignify any station which is calculated to produce these effects? The woman, therefore, who complains of the obscurity of her condition, feels and talks like a heathen. She virtually professes to value the praise of men more than the praise of God; and is likely by her impiety and folly, to forfeit both. In performing the duties of private life, no christian will have reason to complain that he has not sufficient excitement to duty, or sufficiently numerous calls for the use of all his intellectual and moral powers. The various and complicated vexations and trials, pains and sufferings, privations and disappointments, which perpetually occur in the best organized and most favored family, are enough to convince him, that there is no time to sleep, that much is to be done, and that he has need of all his strength and wisdom to decide, and resolve, and act. If the end of all that we set ourselves about ought to be to mend the heart, (and no christian will deny that it ought;) what situation is so favorable for this, as that which teaches the soul what are its besetting sins,

and offers no illusive temptations to self-delusion, no poisonous reward to virtues which our consciences tell us are defective at the core? The natural effect of public applause is to produce self-ignorance and deception; for the standard of morals is extremely low and defective in the world; and the popular man will give himself credit for virtues which, either are worthless in the sight of God, or he does not possess. How awful, when death shall turn him from the decisions of a world blind and partial, to Him who looketh on the heart! Oh, that in humility of mind, I may ever prefer that condition which leads me to the most intimate knowledge of myself! that I may be enabled to profit by such a knowledge, and rejoice to become nothing, that God may be all in all.

Her views of the rank which women ought to hold in society, and of the motives which should influence them to cultivate their minds, may be gathered from a letter to her brother-in-law at B——, on Cecil's Remains.

Boston, May, 1818.

You ask how I like Cecil's Remains. Much, for the most part. But there appears to have been something of severity in his character, something more of the *determined* scholar than the *amiable* christian.

I am not pleased with his remarks upon my sex. This, you will say, is a matter of course. However,

if I am not deceived, I object to his insinuations, not as a woman, but as a christian, as a member of God's universal family, and as a friend to the interests of both sexes; having, I humbly believe, learned, in view of this subject, "to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils," and to feel that if any one would be honorable in God's view, he must be willing to become nothing.

In his remarks on the marriage of ministers, Mr. Cecil says, "a minister must stand on his own ground when associating with women, and not descend to mingle among them." "Thought is the characterizing feature of men, and feeling of women." By the first remark, does Mr. C. intend to say, that a minister must not bring himself to a level with the giddy, the volatile, the thoughtless, of our sex? Or does he mean that all women are so? My opinion has been, that, by cultivating habits of rational intercourse between the sexes, the real good of both parties would be promoted: that the men would become more social and refined, without losing their strength, and the women more sound, without losing their gentleness.

Is not the tendency of the above remarks likely to be unfavorable to both sexes? Are they not calculated to produce in the minds of men, an overweening opinion of their own importance, a loftiness of spirit, contrary to the temper of the meek and lowly Jesus, and inimical to the growth of religion in the

soul? Are they not likely to be equally deteriorating in their influence on the female mind? Will not the woman infer that if the case be so, it is not necessary for her to cultivate her mental powers; that she may as well confine her views and her thoughts, so far as she thinks at all, to that contracted sphere comprehended under that general term *self*, as to endeavor to expand her benevolence by enlarging her knowledge? Will she not be in danger of becoming the despicable slave of a morbid sensibility which she has not learnt to control, by being told that she was made for feeling rather than reflection? Alas! how can woman, subject to the accumulated vexations of outward temptation and constitutional frailty, be expected to endure the evils of life with firmness, when the whole tendency of her education has been to enervate the energies of the mind, induce loose habits of thinking, and undermine the government of reason?

But the chief objection I have to Mr. Cecil's remarks on the subject is, that they are calculated to deprive women of that respect in their own families, which is necessary to the proper management of children. Now this I deem of incalculable importance. Let the sons of a family lose their respect for their mother, and it will be utterly impossible for a substitute for natural authority to be found. I do not hesitate to say, (and I do not say it rashly, or without much examination of the subject,) that those families, where the character of the mother is depressed to

that of a mere housekeeper, are never well governed; and that, on the contrary, the sons of those mothers, whose rank in the family authorises them to be the counsellors of their children, are in childhood more amiable, and in manhood more worthy than others. If children are not under the government of their mothers, they must necessarily be left very much to their own guidance, and exposed to early associations unfriendly to virtue. Their characters will be mostly formed by the influence of adventitious circumstances; unless, indeed, the father can oversee them constantly, which is rarely the case. The father requires the boy to obey his mother, and perhaps gives him long lessons on the subject; but of how much weight they will be, in turning the scale between duty and inclination, when the child sees that the father does not respect her himself, it requires but little sagacity to conjecture. The habit of trifling, of dissimulation, and of rebellion, is thus acquired; and, if grace effects an alteration in the state of the heart afterwards, it certainly operates under circumstances unfavorable to its growth.

There is also another evil resulting from the opinion above stated. It is the interruption of domestic peace. Such an opinion introduces pride, and pertinacity, and imperiousness on the one hand, and jealousy and enmity, on the other, among brothers and sisters; and, in this way, is destructive of the best principles and affections of our nature.

There are those who think, that if women are treated as equals, they will aspire to dominion, or will not "be in subjection, with reverence," to their husbands. I am of a contrary opinion. We can never yield unwillingly, when we think the duty of doing so is unquestionable. But we always give with the worst grace what is extorted. We are always the most generous, when left free. The enlightened obedience of a sensible woman is consistent, because it is the dictate of reason; it is seen to be necessary, in the constitution of things, and for the preservation of order in the various departments of the creation of God. The capricious subjection of a weak and ill-informed woman, is that of a slave; and not being properly conceived of, in the first place, is likely to be disputed, or submitted to with reluctance.

But nothing can be more idle than to dispute the point of equality with our brethren. Time is too short to waste in this way. And besides, by society at large, every individual will, generally, be respected in proportion to his merits. If we would have influence, we must prove, in the first place, that we deserve it. But every one in his order. The moment a woman steps out of her proper sphere, she ceases to be, in proportion to her deviation from the path prescribed her, either amiable or respectable. And, in my judgment, were women blessed with an enlightened education, and taught to view the subject of female subordination in a philosophical and scriptural

way, they would not only be much greater helpers and blessings to their husbands and children, but in much less danger of usurping that authority which God and nature have delegated to the other sex.

As a wife, especially as a clergyman's wife, Mrs. Huntington furnishes a model worthy of imitation. Her constitution was naturally delicate and the state of her nervous system peculiarly sensitive; but we never find her availing herself of bodily infirmity as an excuse for making undue exactions upon her husband's time and attentions. On the contrary we see her striving against its enervating effects and endeavoring to alleviate his professional cares by not only making his home a quiet resting place, but by participating in his parochial duties.

As a christian she was sometimes the subject of deep spiritual depression; but these seasons were for the most part short, and were to be expected from her native temperament and the views she entertained of the odiousness of sin. So generally did hope predominate in her mind however, and so consistent was her course as a christian, that her friends generally did not suspect the conflicts which she maintained with indwelling sin and which are so frequently mentioned in her writings.

We have seen that Mrs. H. possessed uncommon talent as a writer. She wrote with unusual facility and her letters to various friends would of themselves make a large volume. She manifested a very lively

sympathy in the feelings of others, and such a heart will find many occasions for epistolary effort. Upon the subject of her own sorrow she wrote freely, and offered numerous letters of condolence to her afflicted friends. The following are specimens of letters to her friends in affliction.

TO MRS. H.* OF N. B.

Boston, May 25, 1820.

My Dear Madam,—

May one, who can have no particular claim upon your notice, and who can offer no excuse for thus intruding upon you, except the deep interest which she feels in your present affliction, address you thus familiarly? Since the first moment that I saw, in a public print, the announcement of that sorrowful event, which I, alas! well know, has made your heart bleed, I have desired to write to you, and hesitated, not knowing whether it were best or not, to do so.

There are moments when we feel the impotence of our sympathy, and yet are not able to withhold the expression of it. It is a relief to ourselves, if it brings

* The widow of a clergyman, who, immediately after returning home from a journey, in which he had visited Boston, and seen Mrs. Huntington, was, in the prime of life and of usefulness, arrested by death; leaving two small children. With his widow Mrs. Huntington had no personal acquaintance.

little or no consolation to the object upon which it is exercised. Shall I tell you then, my afflicted sister, that my heart aches with you, and for you? Shall I say, that I well understand all the agonies which you suffer? Yes, for there is, I know by experience there is, a spot in the human heart which, under its heaviest calamities, is conscious of experiencing some mitigation of its sorrow, from the certainty that it does not mourn alone. And you do not mourn alone. Many have felt the stroke which in its heaviest effects fell on you. And many who do not weep for you, are lamenting a similar trial inflicted on themselves. God seems to have come out of his place, and to have numbered many of the wives and children of his prophets, widows and fatherless. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men!

And now, under the first overwhelming pressure of your present sorrows, I feel a strong desire to comfort you by the comfort wherewith I myself have been comforted of God. I want to tell you that the precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," is sure and stedfast. With respect to the removal of our dear husbands, there is one consideration which lies at the foundation of all our other motives for resignation, viz. THE LORD HATH DONE IT. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He will not call one of them home, till his work below is finished. So long as the blessed God is pos-

sessed, of infinite wisdom to understand perfectly what is best for his children, of infinite mercy to will all that he sees to be best for them, and of infinite power to execute all the purposes of his will, shall we not choose to have him do what he pleases? If we were unwilling that he should take our beloved friends when he thinks proper, the question at issue would be—Which shall govern, the all perfect Jehovah, or ourselves? In this view of the subject, (and it is unquestionably a correct view of it,) who would not say, 'Let the will of the Lord be done?' Oh, we may be assured, that the reasons which have led him to afflict us so deeply, are satisfactory to himself, and will be so to us, if we are so happy as to reach heaven at last. And can we dare to wish to change what God sees to be necessary for us? Can we dare to wish our beloved husbands to stay here, when, like their Master, they have finished their work on earth, and God has immediate employment for them in heaven?

And, my friend. what consolation does the gospel hold out to us, respecting those whose removal we lament; that we may not sorrow as those who have no hope? Where is our love for them, if we wish to retain them in this dark and distant and sinful world, when God sees them ripe for their rest? We suffer, indeed; but we suffer alone. Those, whose trials we used to feel as painfully as our own, are far beyond the influence of the vicissitudes of this troubled state. They are happy. Let us rejoice for them. And as

for ourselves, we have the promise of an unchangeable God, that, as our days, so shall our strength be; that (if we are his children, I mean) all things shall, or, as your dear husband said to me in one of his visits of condolence when in Boston, "all things *do* work together for our good;" that we shall be brought off conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him, that loved us; that our tribulation shall work patience, and our patience experience, and our experience hope; and that, in due time, if we follow those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises, we also shall be made partakers of their blessedness.

We must labor, my dear friend, to "forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before." This passage has been a great support to me. In our circumstances, we are prone to enfeeble our capacities for present exertion, by useless regrets, and distressing retrospections, and unbelieving anticipations. But all this is wrong. To us it belongs to suffer patiently, bear cheerfully, and perform faithfully the will of God, now. He will provide for to-morrow. Let us also look to our Savior, and learn that the disciple must expect to be as his Lord, and the servant as his Master.

Among the passages of scripture which your dear departed husband mentioned to me when here, two have comforted me much. One was, "Be thou strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," not in yourself. The other was, "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or

fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry." He also read me a sermon of his, (for I was not well enough when he was here to attend church,) from the text, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." It will be a comfort to you, I think. Oh, if he could speak to you now, he would bid you rejoice for him, and be afraid of nothing but sin. His visits, when he was in Boston, were very pleasant to me. He felt for my sorrows; and now I feel for yours. But, if God loves us, He feels more for us than any human friend. And if he smites us, it is because he sees we need it.

I cannot ask you to write, and tell me some of the particulars of the sorrowful event, because I do not know that you will be able. But if you could without too great an effort, it would be a great satisfaction to me. I think we widows of clergymen, should form a community by ourselves; and never bend the knee without remembering, before the Father of mercies, our sorrowful situation, and the children, whom God has given us. We need each other's prayers.

Adieu, my dear afflicted friend. May He who hath broken, bind up; He who hath wounded, heal. He can. I trust He will! To Him I commend you.

LETTER TO MRS. T.* OF D.

Boston, January 25, 1820.

My DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER.—Ever since that sorrowful event which numbered me among those who can more emphatically than other classes of mourners, say, Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness, I have felt desirous of writing to you. Not because I expected to offer any consolation to your mind, with which it is not already much better acquainted than mine; but from that natural feeling of sympathy, which is excited toward those whose trials are similar to our own. And now that I have taken up my pen, the reflection that my time might be better occupied than in obtruding myself upon you and thus opening anew the fountains of your grief (if indeed they have ever been closed in any measure) by the recital of my own sufferings, almost induces me to lay it down again. However, I do not mean to pain you, and agonize myself in this way. Profitable as it may be for common mourners, to dwell often and long upon the circumstances of their bereavements, in order to cherish the impressions which such dispensations may have made on their hearts, it is not profitable for us. Such sorrow as ours is in no danger of being

* The widow of a clergyman, who, in the prime of life, and of usefulness, had been removed by death, leaving five small children.

suddenly diverted. The danger is on the other side, of its pressing so constantly and heavily on the spirit, as to crush the feeble body to the grave. And would it not have been so with us, my dear friend, were it not that the hand of the Lord has been upon us for good?

I have wished, and still wish, to know how you do, what are your circumstances, and how your mind has been exercised under its heavy afflictions. I, you know, have had accumulated ones. But have we not both found that precious promise verified, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be?" Has the Lord ever been a "wilderness" to us? And may we not safely trust him for the future! Does he not know exactly what measure of sorrow we can bear, as well as what kind we need!

And now, my friend, what remains for us to do in this world? Not to live for the temporal enjoyments of life, certainly; for how can any comfort be received, any delight enjoyed, which will not, as long as we live, be embittered by the recollection of those, dearer to us than our own lives, who once sympathized in all our joys, and whose sympathy with us was a principal source of our satisfaction? Yes, this bitter, bitter thought, will press itself upon our remembrance, when we lie down and when we rise up, in the house and by the way. And, viewing our loss only in this manner, the world looks like a waste, a desert, a weary monotonous desert, strip-

ped of all that once enlivened it. But we must not view it so. What did Christ live for? What did Paul live for? Alas! if we could find our happiness here in that in which the Savior found his, we might yet see many good days in the land of the living. And this is what we must labor after. If we have little left us to enjoy, have we nothing left us to do? And the happiness of our souls ought to result, the happiness of a holy soul will result, from doing and being just what God pleases. The mind which feels that it has no sympathies to be exercised, no object upon which to repose its affections, no business to employ its faculties, must sink into a state of hopeless and dreadful despondency. But the christian should never feel thus. Though our precious husbands have left us, have we nothing to feel or do for their children; nothing to do for Christ, and the church which he hath purchased with his own blood? And may we not yet be happy in doing diligently the work which he has given us to do? My dear friend, we shall never be happy *just as* we have been. Oh, no, never. The smile of tenderness will wait for us no more when returning to our sorrowful habitations. The voice of unmingled love will greet us no more in our afflictions. The counsellors, advisers, supporters, and prophets, upon whom we leaned, who sanctioned by their influence the expressions of maternal authority, who bore us constantly and earnestly before God, are gone! Nature shudders, as she casts her eye orward, and thinks of this long, long separation.

But why have I suffered myself to fall into this sorrowful strain? I did it unintentionally, unconsciously. Forgive me. I have pained you; and I have pained myself. I was going to say, we must find our happiness in a different way—in girding up the loins of our minds to a more diligent performance of duty, in putting on, as good soldiers of the cross, the whole armor of God, in setting our faces as a flint against every thing which can discourage, intimidate, or wound us, in remembering the example of our devoted, our suffering Savior, in leaning on his wisdom, and trusting in his grace and strength, and in sending forward our hearts to that happy home, which we hope one day to reach, and whither our beloved friends have gone before us. Let our expectations of earthly rest be moderate, except of that *sweet rest which results from simple trust in God.*

I have written thus far, and have not yet mentioned what I had most in view when I began. I think we may derive benefit from remembering each other's children in our prayers. Can we not devote ten minutes, every Saturday evening, at nine o'clock, to special prayer, for each other, that we may have grace, wisdom, courage and patience to do our duty; and for our children, that their affections may be sanctified, our instructions blessed, they brought into the covenant early, &c. Will you write, and let me know what you think of it? My little boy wakes, and I must bid you adieu.

Mrs. Huntington's colloquial powers were uncommon, and enabled her to be very useful in conversing with the sick and dying as well as with the anxious inquirer. Her manner of conversing was decided and self possessed; but never bold and obtrusive. She spoke indeed like a woman who thought for herself, and believed her opinions to be founded in truth, but she was not dictatorial; it was her wish that others also should form their opinions and express them with candor. She was faithful in giving christian admonition and grateful to those who would tell her of her faults.

She was visited with a long series of bereavements. The death of her only sister was the first and took place before her marriage. Her death was sudden, and for a time Susan was much overwhelmed and experienced a season of great spiritual darkness. To shew the state of her mind at this period we publish a part of a letter, never before published, to a friend in N—— H—— immediately after the melancholy event.

Killingworth, June, 2, 1805.

To say that I am low spirited and unhappy, would be to say nothing but what you must have supposed before-hand. But oh my dear M——! I cannot tell, I do not wish to tell the feelings which agitate my mind. You may *imagine*, but you cannot *know*, nor *will* you, until you lose a friend—a friend like my only sister, my Eliza. Death was dreadful, in-

expressibly dreadful. I shudder, alas! she is no more—but I must not, cannot, write more upon the subject—it distresses me too much, and my heart seems bursting with grief, too big for it to contain.

But what shall I write; had I resignation and fortitude equal to the measure which some possess, I might, (rather than pain you by a recital of my sorrows,) restrain my feelings and be cheerful; *this* however *I* am unable to do, and *this you* do not require. It is natural to frail humanity to seek consolation in affliction; we are ever ready to open our wounds to those who we believe will bind them up with the healing balm of fellow-feeling and compassion; and to tell our sufferings to those who will wipe the tear of sorrow from the brow of care. Your sympathy, my friend, consoles, though it does not cure, and it seems to be an alleviation of anguish, to empty those woes of our hearts which otherwise would overflow, into the bosom of a commiserating friend.

My heart is oppressed with a bitterness of affliction, which I cannot describe, nor you conceive of. Oh my friend! I "walk in darkness and have no light"—"God hides his face and I am troubled." I sigh for my troubles, but sigh still deeper that I support them no better. I do not know that I have *any* grace—if I have, why is this distrust of Him who has ever been my "supporter and my hope?" Why are my affections bound to earth—why does not my heart view the world with greater indifference—and why do I fall so in-

finitely short of what a christian ought to be? "Oh wretched creature that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

There is reason to believe that this event, distressing as it was, proved to Susan a salutary trial, showing her more of her own heart than she had previously known, and laying a foundation for self-distrust in future. She had before her sister's death entertained high hopes, and felt that she should be able to endure any trial which her heavenly Father was pleased to inflict. She now felt that to say with true filial submission, "thy will be done," was more difficult than she had previously imagined. Though not 33 years of age when called herself to die, she had previously lost her parents, her only brother and sister, her husband to whom she was tenderly attached, and two children. On the death of her father she thus writes.

Killingworth, August 5, 1814.

I thank you, my dear H., for your kind and excellent letter. Though I needed not such a proof of the continuance of your friendship, yet every token of affectionate remembrance is peculiarly gratifying in seasons of affliction. To be thought of, and prayed for, when we most need prayer, is comforting indeed. And such has been my case in no common degree. Yes, my dear girl, human comforters can do

but little toward alleviating the anguish of a heart bleeding with a wound like mine, unless God also administers consolation. And, blessed be his name! such consolation I think I have, in some measure, received. The stroke was no common one. It swept away one of the kindest of husbands, and one of the most affectionate and faithful fathers, that ever wife or children were blessed with. Those who knew him best, loved him most; and all felt the loss to be great. To this bereaved congregation especially, it seems to have been a stroke, which cannot now be estimated, and must long be felt.

But, though the dispensation is mysterious, though the death of my beloved parent has dried up forever the principal source of happiness with which I was favored in this town, and, with a few exceptions, in this world; yet I have reason to bless God, that I am not conscious of ever having wished to counteract the divine decree. There has been so much of mercy mingled in this cup of sorrow, that it has sweetened the bitter dregs which I have been called to taste.

Oh, H., there is comfort, great comfort, in the believer's latter end. Then the value of the Gospel appears. What philosophers and wise men have shuddered at, what infidels cannot usually behold without horror, the believer can meet with humble confidence and holy joy. It is the hope of immortality through faith in Jesus, which bears him triumphant.

Through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all his terrors are.

Take away this hope, even were he certain of exemption from suffering, what clouds and darkness would settle, in impenetrable gloom over the grave? Yes, the preciousness of those animating assurances of eternal life, and of the resurrection of the body, which are given in the gospel of Christ, can never be so forcibly felt, as when we are about, either ourselves to put off the earthly house of this tabernacle, or to behold a dear friend bid a final adieu to all earthly scenes. Well might the Psalmist say, "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people forever," to defend, to preserve, to cheer them, even when heart and flesh fail them.

With the dead this earthly scene has closed forever. They have lived, they have died, they have passed into the world of spirits. We can be connected with them, precious and dear as they once were, no more. But what remains for us? Much, very much. We are to see to it, that we despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when we are rebuked of him. We are to take heed that, by our faithful improvement of afflictions, we may have evidence, that our tribulation has worked in us patience, our patience

experience, and our experience the hope which maketh not ashamed. It is dreadful, when God is cutting off one creature-comfort after another to teach us that this world is not our rest, to be clinging, with all the energies of an undiminished attachment, to that very world which is thus constantly breaking from our grasp, disappointing our hopes, and piercing us through with many sorrows. Wretched delusion! fearful case! for "he, who being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Pray that this may not be the result with me. Pray that, having passed under the rod, I may not be found incorrigible, but more docile, and humble, and devoted to God.

In addition to these near relatives, she was called to part with several female friends more distantly connected with her, but endeared by a long intimacy. One of these, Miss Mary Lyon, of New-Haven, Conn. a cousin of Mrs. Huntington, fell a victim to the yellow fever in the summer of 1817. She was a young lady of strong mental powers and ardent piety, and had been, from Mrs. Huntington's early youth, her confidential friend.

How short their separation and how delightful and enduring their reunion in their Father's house above, where they shall go no more out forever! On receiving the intelligence of her death, Mrs. H. thus writes to a friend in New-Haven.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1817.

Oh, my dear E., little did I think when I wrote last that my anxious inquiries were to be answered so soon, and to receive such an answer. Your letter, containing the melancholy, the heart-rending tidings has just been received. And why should I say heart rending tidings? Shall that be deemed heart-rending, which is so unutterably for her advantage and felicity? But when I think of her dear mother feeble and broken, wanting just such a steady arm as hers to lean upon; when I think of the dear sister, whom she has left in a land of strangers; when I think of the Church which had her fervent, daily prayers, such prayers as not many offer on earth; when I think of myself, the tender sympathy she felt for me in affliction, the undissembled and faithful affection she bore me, which survived years of separation, and bore with all my frailties and follies; and then reflect that her friendship, her efforts, her prayers, for me, for others, for the church, are all at an end; how can I help mourning, bitterly mourning. Oh God of mercy! let her mantle fall on us who remain! Let something of that meek, prayerful, holy, Christ-like spirit, which distinguished her, be communicated to us, and abide with us continually! Alas! little did I think she was going to Charleston to find her grave. But she died as she lived—magnanimously, disinterestedly, and cheerfully sacrificing her own desires and comforts for others. And the

righteous God will recompense, and is recompensing her for it.

Few persons feel more exquisitely the death of a husband than Mrs. Huntington. Her attachment was early formed, and having been previously bereaved of all which constituted her original family, her situation, (though she had a host of friends) seemed peculiarly desolate. Mrs. Huntington was formed for domestic life, and was a bright example of conjugal and parental faithfulness and affection. The suffering of Mrs. H. on the death of her husband, are affectingly portrayed by her own pen in her private journal.

I have long intended, for the sake of my children, to describe some of the exercises of my mind at the time of my blessed husband's sickness and death; but have not before been able to do so.

The last part of my stay at Bridgewater, I experienced, at times, a peculiar flagging of my animal spirits, and a sense of horror which can never be described. There was no particular cause for this that I am aware of. On Saturday, August 28, 1819, I heard that Mr. Huntington had stopped at Groton, fatigued; and was not much alarmed, supposing that he did not come into Boston so late in the week, to avoid the labor of preaching immediately after so long and fatiguing a journey; and, overruled by the solicitations of my

friends, and the consideration of the yellow fever being in Boston, I remained at Bridgewater until Wednesday. On Tuesday I sat watching at my window, to see the well known chaise, the sound of which, on similar occasions, had delighted me. Toward evening I expected the stage, and possibly my husband in it. The stage appeared. Instead of my husband, the driver threw me out a letter. It struck a pang to my heart. When I had opened it, through the mistaken kindness of my friends, I was still informed that "he was fatigued." Distracted with apprehension and suspense, I waited for morning; and, at nine o'clock, left Bridgewater in the stage, with a heart tortured with apprehensions, alas! soon and certainly realized. During my ride home, this passage of scripture was upon my mind, and comforted me, "All things work together for good to them that love God." I was feeble, but wished to go to Groton that night. Mr. —— assured me, that Mr. Huntington was not very sick. He had seen him on Monday. Miss —— was with me. Mr. ——'s assurance of my precious husband's being only slightly feverish, had, in a great measure, lulled my fears.

On Thursday morning I set out, in a chaise, accompanied by a friend, for Groton. During the ride, the first answer of the Assembly's Catechism was strongly impressed upon my mind, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." I felt that, for the last twelve years, I had, in a great degree, misunder-

stood the great object for which I was made; that, if not my chief, a very high end with me had been, to be happy in my husband, and make him happy in me. I felt that the highest happiness of a rational mind ought to arise, from answering the purpose for which God made it; and therefore that I ought to be happy in glorifying God, not in enjoying myself.

We reached the public house in Groton. I inquired if they knew how Mr. Huntington of Boston was. The answer was, "Very sick indeed; the doctor has been there all day; he is a very sick man." My limbs would scarcely support me to the house. Upon our arrival there, we went into the parlor alone. The first object that met my eye, was the hat of the blessed sufferer above stairs. It struck me with fearfulness and trembling, as the herald of death. I asked for the physician; and in reply to my agonized interrogation, "Is there no hope?" he said, "Mr. Huntington is very sick. I should have some hope, were it not that all fevers this summer have been unusually fatal." The overwhelming agonies of that moment can never be described. The language of my heart was, 'Oh, that God would redeem his life with mine!' The doctor told me that I must compose myself, as to see me agitated might destroy the object of my solicitude.

Mr. Huntington was apprised, by the physician of my arrival. There was an increase of ten to the number of his pulse upon this intelligence. When I

entered the room in which he lay, he was gasping for breath; but his countenance glowed with an expression of tenderness I shall never forget, as he threw open his arms, exclaiming, "My dear wife!" and clasped me, for some moments, to his bosom. I said, with perfect composure, "My blessed husband, I have come at last." He replied, "Yes, and it is in infinite mercy to me." I told him, all I regretted was, that I could not get to him sooner. He said, with a tender consideration for my health, which he always valued more than his own, "I am glad you could not; in your present circumstances, it might have been too much for you."

From that time, owing to the insidious nature of his disease, I had considerable hope. I had seen him. I was with him. He was as sensible of my love, and my attentions, as ever; and I could not realize the stroke which was impending. Never shall I remember, without gratitude, the goodness of God in giving me that last week of sweet though sorrowful, intercourse with my beloved husband.

The days and nights of solicitude drew near a fatal close. I could not think of his death. At that prospect, nature revolted. I felt as if it would be comparatively easy to die for him. But the day before his death, when all spoke encouragement, I felt that we must part. In the bitterness of my soul, I went into the garret. It was the only place I could have without interruption. Never shall I forget that hour.

Whether in the body or out, I could scarcely tell. I DREW NEAR TO GOD. Such a view of the reality and nearness of eternal things, I had never had. It seemed as if I was somewhere with God. I cast my eye back on this life, it seemed a speck. I felt that God was my God, and my husband's God; that this was enough; that it was a mere point of difference, whether he should go to heaven first, or I, seeing we should both go so soon. My mind was filled with satisfaction with the government of God. "Be ye followers of them who, through faith and patience inherit the promises," seemed to be the exhortation given me upon coming back to this world. I do not mean that there were any bodily or sensible appearances. But I seemed carried away in spirit. I plead for myself and children, travelling through this distant country. It seemed as if I gave them, myself, and my husband, up, entirely. And it was made sure to me, that God would do what was best for us.

From that time, though nature would have her struggles, I felt that God had an infinite right to do what he pleased with his own; that He loved my husband better than I did; that if He saw him ripe for his rest, I had no objections to make. All the night he was exercised with expiring sufferings, and God was pouring into my soul one truth and promise of the gospel after another. I felt it sweet for him to govern. There was a solemn tranquillity filled the

chamber of death. It was an hour of extremity to one whom Jesus loved. I felt that He was there, that angels were there, that every agony was sweetened and mitigated by ONE, in whose sight the death of his saints is precious. I felt as if I had gone with the departing spirit to the very utmost boundary of this land of mortals, and as if it would be easier for me to drop the body which confined my soul in its approach toward heaven, than retrace all the way I had gone. When the intelligence was brought me that the conflict was over, it was good news, I kissed the clay, as pleasantly as I did when it was animated by the now departed spirit. I was glad he had got safely home, and that all the steps of his departure were so gently ordered.

It would be in vain for me to attempt a description of my feelings the next morning. I had never seen such a sunrise before. It beheld me alone. Were I the only created being in the universe, I could not, perhaps, have felt very differently. I went into the chamber in which he died. There, on the pillow, was the print of his head. The bed of death was just as when it resigned forever, the body of him who was all the world to me. His portmanteau, comb, brush, &c. lay in sight. God wonderfully supported me.

But why do I dwell on a description which, even now, is almost too much for me? How did God sustain a creature who was weakness itself! How mer-

cifully he has carried me through all my successive trials! Truly it was the Lord's doing; and it is marvelous in my eyes.

And now; O, how is it now? Not so much comfort; laboring with sin; afraid almost to live in this wicked world; dreading a thousand evils in my present lonely state. But all this is wrong. God hath said, "Who shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?". How kindly my beloved husband used to remind me of this text.

On her return from Groton after the first conflict had subsided and the funeral solemnities were over, she was able to meet her friends with great apparent calmness and tranquility of soul. Long will they remember the sweet smile with which she met them and the eloquent pathos, with which she described the exercises of her mind during the afflictive scene through which she had been called to pass.

After Mr. Huntington's death she had severe trials to experience, in the death of her children, especially of the infant born after her severe bereavement, the selection and settlement of a new minister by the parish, and her removal from the parsonage where she had so long resided. But in these as in previous trials she exhibited that holy fortitude resulting from strong faith in God and practical submission to his will, for which she was so eminently distinguished.

The kindness of the parish towards Mrs. Hunting-

ton after the death of Mr. H., while it exhibits their generosity, also manifests respect and affection for their pastor and his family. They not only continued his salary and the use of the parsonage for the succeeding year, but settled upon them 1000 dollars annually for the following six years.

If her sensitiveness of nerves led her to anticipate, and shrink from evil in *prospect*, her love to Christ, and her confidence in the rectitude of the *Divine Government*, enabled her to endure, when affliction came, beyond the most sanguine expectations of her friends. In the successor of her husband, and his wife, she found friends whom she highly valued, and towards them she ever manifested the affection of a sister. Her letter to Mrs. Wisner when about to fill the station and occupy the house which she had so long occupied, exhibits a spirit which we cannot sufficiently admire.

Boston, November 16, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND. It is with some peculiar emotions that I take up my pen to address you. Yet, though the circumstances under which I write might naturally occasion me some embarrassment, I do not feel as if I were addressing a stranger. I have thought of you so much since my last conversation with your husband, (whom I am happy now to consider as, in a certain sense, my minister,) that I view you in the light of a new found sister; whom I have not seen indeed, but for whom I feel that tender interest, which

will ripen into a sincere and permanent attachment when I know you better. Allow me then to dismiss formalities at once, and hasten to the particular object of my letter.

When Mr. W. was here, he proposed to me, that, if he returned, himself and you should reside in my family this winter, instead of commencing housekeeping yourselves. I was a little apprehensive that this proposal originated, chiefly in a desire to accommodate me. Now if it was so,—that is, if it will be not merely no disappointment, but simply less agreeable, to you, to make such an arrangement, I think I cannot consent to it. On the other hand, if, from a consideration of the season of the year, or any other cause, you really prefer boarding with me three or four months, it will be a great gratification to me to receive you, as well as an important convenience and benefit. On some accounts, it is most pleasant to keep house. But if you conclude not to do so till spring, it will be my endeavor to render your stay with me as agreeable as I can. I feel that you will have many faults to overlook in me and mine. But as our friendships, in this world, do not, or should not, depend on our finding the objects of them without faults, I shall expect that even my faults will give me some additional claim upon your sympathy and affection. And the consciousness that much must be forgiven, will lead us to forgive much, will it not? If so, how tender should *my* judgment of others be?

If being called, for a number of years, to experience an almost constant succession of outward vicissitudes and trials, and, if being exercised, through life, with extreme mental sufferings, have any tendency to soften the character, and to increase in the soul the exercise of that benevolence which leads it to weep with them that weep, and enables it to rejoice in every accession to the general happiness which is enjoyed in this valley of tears: it has been my own fault if I have derived no benefit from having so long lived under the influence of such circumstances. And if a constant sense of dependence on God, not only for the outward blessings we need, but for the capacity to enjoy and improve them,—a sense of dependance resulting from a peculiar conformation of mind, which renders it less able to bear or to do any thing of itself than is common,—has a tendency to produce a kind and charitable habit of regarding the weakness of others; I am the person, of all persons, on whose heart and lips should be written the law of kindness. All this I have said, not from the pure love of talking about self, but to show you that I am prepared to love you, to rejoice in your happiness, to appreciate your trials, to feel for your sorrows, and to find happiness in affording you any advice or assistance, which, in my poor measure, I am able to afford. Believe that I have already begun to anticipate the time of your coming with many pleasant emotions, as the period which shall give to me a sister and a friend, one whose situ-

ation will awaken in my bosom some new interests and sympathies; and one whose establishment here will add another to the many reasons already existing why I should prefer Boston as my residence to any other part of this "dim speck which men call earth."

With respect to our future intercourse, my sister, allow me to say, it depends on ourselves whether it shall be a blessing to us or not. The connection in this world which is soon to be formed between us, and which will be, in some respects, a peculiar one, may be a source of great mutual comfort to us. It may also, for reasons which will at once present themselves to your mind, be the means of advancing our characters to a higher elevation of moral excellence than they would otherwise have ever attained. And if this should be the case, and, oh, heaven grant that it may! how much we shall love each other on earth; how much we shall love each other in heaven!

My dear Mrs. W., may I be permitted to say,—and I would say it with deep humility, as one anxious to make the application to myself,—that our future usefulness and happiness depend much on our adoption, and practical maintenance, of one simple Christian principle, viz., a supreme desire that, in all we do, God should be glorified. Living under the influence of this principle, we shall have no jealouies, no rivalships. I shall rejoice in the attention you receive, in the influence you obtain, in the good you accomplish; and you will reciprocate these feelings. This blessed

principle will prevent our setting up any personal interests in opposition to those of our Master. We shall rejoice that God is glorified, whether he is pleased to make use of our feeble services or not. Just in proportion as we place our happiness here, it will be placed beyond the reach of temporal vicissitudes, and the disquieting interferences of pride and selfishness.

And now, my beloved friends, farewell. I commend you to the grace of our unchangeable, covenant-keeping God. May he guide and bless you. May his loving-kindness sweeten and sanctify your union, and make it a blessing to you both for many years on earth, if such be his righteous purpose concerning you. And may we be mutual helpers, and comforters, and quickeners of each other in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world. And may our affection for each other here, be chastised and strengthened by the precious hope of its receiving its final consummation in heaven.

When Mrs. Huntington became a mother, she felt strongly the responsibilities which this new relation involved. She saw clearly that it would be absurd to leave so momentous a subject, as the education of children, to be controled by circumstances. She must have some definite, settled plan; some established principles to govern her own conduct, when immortal minds were consigned to her special care and guidance. She therefore endeavored to

qualify herself for this important office, and in doing this she felt the value of experimental knowledge, and while she read the best theories upon the subject, giving the preference to the treatises of Locke and Witherspoon, she gladly availed herself of the counsels of those friends whose judgment she respected. It was not unfrequently the subject of her conversation and letters.

"There is scarcely any subject concerning which I feel more anxiety, than the proper education of my children. It is a difficult and delicate subject; and the more I reflect on my duty to them, the more I feel how much is to be learnt by myself. The person who undertakes to form the infant mind, to cut off the distorted shoots, and direct and fashion those which may, in due time, become fruitful and lovely branches, ought to possess a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. It is no easy task to ascertain, not only the principles and habits of thinking, but also the causes which produce them. It is no easy task, not only to watch over actions, but also to become acquainted with the motives which prompted them. It is no easy task, not only to produce correct associations, but to undo improper ones, which may, through the medium of those nameless occurrences to which children are continually exposed, have found a place in the mind. But such is the task of every mother who superintends the education of her children. Add

to this the difficulty of maintaining that uniform and consistent course of conduct which children ought always to observe in their parents, and which alone can give force to the most judicious discipline; and, verily, every considerate person must allow, that it is no small matter to be faithful in the employment of instructors of infancy and youth. Not only must the precept be given, Love not the world; but the life must speak the same. Not only must we exhort our infant charge to patience under their little privations and sorrows, but we must also practice those higher exercises of submission, which they will easily perceive, are but the more vigorous branches of the same root whose feeble twigs they are required to cultivate. Not only must we entreat them to seek first the kingdom of God, but we must be careful to let them see, that we are not as easily depressed by the frowns, or elated by the smiles, of the world, as others. In short, nothing but the most persevering industry in the acquisition of necessary knowledge, the most indefatigable application of that knowledge to particular cases, the most decisive adherence to a consistent course of piety, and above all, the most unremitted supplications to Him who alone can enable us to resolve and act correctly, can qualify us to discharge properly the duties which devolve upon every mother."

Education did not in her view consist exclusively in the improvement of the intellectual powers, or in

mere accuracy in this or that language or science, but in the formation of the whole character, nor did she expect a sudden transformation at school, without any co-operation on her part at home. Having selected for her children the best teachers, she did not feel that she had lessened her own obligations to be watchful, but that after all, the direction of their minds, and the formation of their mental habits, depended on herself, and while she wished them to possess every accomplishment which could render them respectable and useful in the world, it was her prime object to train them for heaven.

On giving up her child in baptism, she writes thus:

Boston, Jan. 23, 1820.

"Next sabbath I expect to carry my little Joshua to the sanctuary, and devote him to that God whose gift he is. May the offering be accepted! May the first lispings of his infant tongue, be the expressions of holy and grateful affections to his Maker and Redeemer! I expect our dear brother D—— to administer the ordinance, and Deacon P—— has kindly offered to stand up with me, and present the child. I sometimes fear it will be more than I can bear. But I feel it to be a duty to have him baptized in public; and his dear father always objected to private baptisms, except on extraordinary occasions. The great thing, however, is to do it sincerely and in faith. The Lord give me grace thus to do it!"

Baptism was not with her a mere ceremony, but a solemn consecration of her chidren to that great and good Being who had given them to her, and in giving them back to God, she did not feel that her duty was done, and that the covenant was so sure as to preclude the necessity of any farther anxiety or effort on her part; but, on the contrary that these promises were given in connexion with parental faithfulness, and that she had solemnly pledged herself to secure, as far as was in her power, their early conversion. The necessity of a change of heart, and the importance of their giving themselves to God, in early life, forms the principal topic of her letters to them, when absent from her, and we find her keeping days of secret fasting on their account, and confessing not only her own sins, but theirs. We select several letters from her Memoirs, as specimens of her manner of writing to them and to other young people.

TO HER ELDEST DAUGHTER;
Given her on her birth-day, Sept. 10, 1820.

My dear Child. You know that after man's apostacy from God, it pleased the merciful Jehovah to declare to him his gracious purpose of saving some of our race from merited destruction, through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. You know that, agreeably to this gracious declaration, God has always had a seed to serve him; or, in other words, that, since the world was made, there has always been a class of

persons, called the Church, who have professed themselves to be the people of God, in distinction from the rest of the world. God has also been pleased to say, that he will not only be the God of believers but of their seed after them. It has, accordingly, been the custom, in all ages, for believing parents to dedicate their infant offspring to God, before the advent of the Savior by circumcision, and since that event by baptism. It has been your privilege to be born of parents professedly belonging to this blessed family of believers.

You have been baptised. I will endeavor to explain to you the nature of this ordinance. In baptism you were *given to God to be his child.* All your powers and faculties were consecrated to his service. Your parents, by that act, professed their determination to bring you up as a Christian; that they renounced this world as your portion, and took God for your portion; that they desired for you a moral nature that would love the service of your God here, and the enjoyment of the holy happiness of heaven hereafter, above all things; and that they would endeavor to keep you from following the course of this wicked world, which is in a state of rebellion against the God whom they wished you to serve. They vowed unto the Lord that they would bring you up for him, and would strive to prevent your acquiring any habits, conforming to any fashion, and forming any friendships, whose probable tendency would be to prevent your becom-

ing the disciple of Jesus Christ. This is what your parents have done for you. But, in order to your being interested in God's precious covenant, you must cordially, willingly, and joyfully, make all this your own act. You must agree to what your parents have done. You must choose the Lord for yourself. Blessed children who make such a choice! Wretched children, who trample on all these obligations, and make their way through all these vows and engagements, to the gulph of despair! Oh, my dear child, will you not go with your parents to heaven?

I have written for you a short, simple covenant; which you may sign, *if you are determined to serve God*. But remember, it is better not to vow, than to vow and not perform.

COVENANT.

Oh most gracious Jehovah! Thou hast commanded us to love and serve thee. Thou hast provided a way whereby we may be saved. Jesus Christ has died for sinners. And through him, thou canst infuse into our carnal hearts a principle of holy love, which shall constrain us to serve thee with a willing and filial spirit. I am a sinner; by nature an alien from thee, exposed to thy wrath, dead in trespasses and sins. But I now desire, through Jesus Christ, and on account of his atonement, whereby even sinners may hope for mercy, to give myself wholly to thee. I give myself to God the Father, as my rightful Sovereign,

my merciful Father, and my constant Benefactor; to God the Son, as my Prophet, Priest, and King, my only Savior and Redeemer; and to God the Holy Ghost, as my Sanctifier, Guide, and Comforter: humbly praying for grace to devote myself entirely and eternally to thee; that I may esteem it my highest happiness to consecrate to thee all I am and have, my health, my time, my influence, my possessions, to yield my will to thine, and rejoice to be guided and governed by it in all things. I take thy word for the rule of my life, and for my comfort in death. I renounce this world as my best good, and take thee as my portion forever.

TO THE SAME.

Andover, Sept., 20, 1821.

My beloved Child.

I rejoice in your return.* I thank God, who has once more brought us so near each other, and given us the prospect of again meeting on this side the grave. Boston must look solemn and sad to you, my dear. All gone; not even the house of your father to go to. But there is a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. There is your heavenly Father, and he is inviting your returning footsteps thither. There is your Savior, who has gone to prepare a place for *you*, if you will accept one. Come then, my

*From a visit of some months, at New-London, Conn.

dear child: you have early seen the treachery of earthly prospects; you have seen a father cut down in the high noon of his usefulness; you have seen the sweet, the promising little scion which sprung up from the parent root, instantly withered in all its beauty; you have seen that all on earth is change. Come then, my child, and secure a better, even an enduring inheritance. There is a friend who will never forsake you, a happy home which can never be taken from you. There, the inhabitants shall no more say, 'I am sick.' There, there will be no more sorrow, nor sighing, nor parting from friends; but from the eyes of all that blessed family, God will wipe away all tears forever. There you shall meet the father, who loved cherished, and prayed for you; and there the brother and sister, whose former places on earth will know them no more. Unless you become a Christian, you bade them a long, a last farewell. My eyes fill with tears, my heart aches, at the thought that it is possible. Oh my children, my beloved children, let me not be disappointed in this one hope—that, having been separated on earth, we may dwell together forever in heaven!

TO MISS F—— L——, NEW-HAVEN.

MY DEAR F——:

Our mutual friend, Mrs. L———, informed me of your kind message in her last. I did not recollect indeed that I owed you a letter. But I have been obli-

ged, since having had the care of a family, to *appear* unmindful of my friends often when I have not been *really* so. Now the greater part of my letters are written in detached and hurried intervals, when I can catch a moment from something else; or after all the rest of the family have gone to bed. I was really amused to think that "some" of my cousins dare not write to me, because I have a "talent" that way. Whatever my friends may have the goodness to think of me, I *do* desire never to have a "talent" at any thing, which will make them afraid of me, and it is the last fear I will need to trouble myself with, that this will ever be the case concerning my "*writing* talents." A letter ought to be a simple expression of our feelings. This is all. I don't write, nor wish to receive *essays*. I suppose *my* time is not more limited, than that of most persons in my situation, yet every day is too short for its duties. We live in a world where we are required to be active; and when pressed down with an accumulation of unavoidable and necessary cares, it is quite a relief to remember that *we were made to labor;* and that a great part of our duty as christians, consists in our being faithful in all those minute details of daily business, which seem so little, and perhaps sometimes so vexatious, separately considered, but which all go to make up the sum total of *duty*. It is well we have, and can have, something to do, but our minds are never apt to preserve an equal balance, and the ease and labor, which, if it

was met with a calm and even temper of mind, would be not only tolerable but pleasant, we render fatiguing and oppressive, by our want of wisdom in the proper arrangement of our plans, and our want of patience in their execution. The great secret of being happy, seems to be, to do every thing as *unto* the Lord, and bear every thing as *from* the Lord; but oh! how unspeakably difficult this is. Nothing seems harder, than to maintain such a spirit of singleness of heart toward God. If we feel a little of it at one time and all goes on well, it is soon lost; and then our earthly burdens hang about us, as so many insupportable clogs, under the pressure of which, the soul "faints and tires," and vainly struggles to get forward. But under all our difficulties—our temptations on the one hand, and our trials on the other, if we *are* christians, we shall conquer. This is most refreshing. There is grace, sanctifying grace, pledged to every, even the *meanest* member of Christ's mystical body, which ensures his final deliverance from all his enemies and sins. The members shall be conformed to the Head, and even the christian's conflicts with his own weakness and corruptions, shall be made to redound to the glory of His grace, who was able to bear him through so many hindrances to Heaven. And this is a glorious end. God shall and will be glorified. You will not wonder at my writing in this manner. I have had some little troubles within, which have led me to this train of thought to night. But you will excuse it, and wish me to write such as I feel.

I am very glad you are *willing* to send me a letter now and then, for I am a poor correspondent, sometimes perhaps I may not write twice a year, but do not wait for me. Since my very dear friend and cousin, Mary L——, died, my intercourse with New-Haven has been more suspended than I would have wished. Our departed friend, E. F——, wrote me occasionally, and now *she* also is gone. Dear F., believe me, I can scarcely realize it. And yet, an event of this sort is not surprising in connection with any one, in this dying world. Strange infatuation! which leads us to fasten our hopes on this perishing world, after all our experience of its uncertainty. If there is any thing which astonishes me, in relation to myself, it is this. Taught again, and again, and again, to "cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils," we seem ever learning, and never able to come to the practical knowledge of this truth. At least, it is so with me. My sweet Joshua's removal was a bitter trial. He was a darling child. My very soul yearned over the babe; and though God enabled me to give him up, it was like giving up my own life. Yet I never felt the justice of a stroke so deeply. My sins, my grievous sins, seemed to me richly to deserve the sore rebuke. But oh! my dear cousin, I fear I am not any better, daily experience only shows me, that I am a great deal worse than I ever knew myself to be. Heart sins—oh, these are most provoking in His sight, who has said, "My son, give me thine heart,"—and all

our outward miscarriages result from the neglect, or the unwillingness of giving the heart to God. Our pride and our worldliness, our selfishness and our sloth, spring from declensions of the heart from Him whom angels delight to love and serve constantly; and whom it is as much our duty to love and serve *constantly*, in our measure, as it can be theirs. We have recently established in Boston an united concert for prayer, comprising all denominations, which is something new. Some of our good folks are expecting much from it.

28. I am called to Bridgewater in a day or two. Sister's health is declining and her family have recommended a journey, as the last resource. She wishes me to be with her before she goes. I do hope this last remedy may be made effectual to the prolonging of her life, if nothing more. She is a lovely christian, Will you, my dear F., remember me with much love to your Mamma and sisters. The former must feel aunt L———'s death very sensibly. She has had her share of sorrow indeed,—but who is exempt? "I will lead her into the wilderness and comfort her there" is one of the promises to the church and to individual believers. Why into the wilderness? Because, probably, she cannot so well be prepared for it, in any other way, and we must be prepared for spiritual consolations, before the blessed God can consistently communicate them. Tell her to lift up the hands which hang down, and give herself unto prayer, as

David did, and she shall see "the end of the Lord—that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." The grace of God is *free*, and he has said "Ask, and ye shall receive," and truly there is no unfaithfulness in Him. Tell dear Mrs. L——, her letters are particularly pleasing to me, and I hope she will continue them. She has children to write to, and I have no particular claim, so that I feel very grateful to her for all her kindness in this respect. Where is Mrs. B—— and how? N. H. is much changed, but who can live long in this world without feeling himself on a moving surface, whose revolutions are constantly shaking all that adheres to it from their resting places. Happy he who has fixed his hopes on a sure foundation. Do write me very soon my dear cousin, and believe that I am most truly yours, &c.

TO MISS ———, OF BOSTON, AT ———.

Boston, March 9, 1821.

MY DEAR S.,

I have been reading a letter of yours, this afternoon, with which I was much interested; and, although I do not expect to suggest to your mind any new truths in reference to your present circumstances, I feel a strong desire to write a few lines to you this evening. This desire results, if I know my own heart, from an earnest wish for your welfare, and the humble hope of saying something which the great Searcher of hearts may be pleased to bless to you.

I have many reasons, my dear S., for being interested in you. I love you for your parents' sake. And I love you, as being one of the lambs of that flock of which my dear husband was so recently the overseer; and I cannot but rejoice, when any of these "little ones" are gathered into that kingdom, which is dearer than any, than every, thing else to all the members of it. Your situation at present, my dear girl, is a critical one. God has been calling you in many ways of late, and I do hope that he is now, himself preparing your heart to answer the call—"Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me, My Father, thou art the Guide of my youth?"

Let me entreat you to be earnest in religion. Remember, that no great object is likely to be attained, without persevering diligence, and a courageous determination not to be defeated by difficulties. If this is the case in reference to temporal objects, the attainment of which is opposed only by natural hindrances, surely it is the case with spiritual things. If the acquisition of human science can be accomplished only by labor and diligence, when the object of pursuit is often pleasant and agreeable to the natural taste. oh, with what earnestness, and strength of effort, must that spiritual knowledge be sought and labored after, which is eternal life, and the acquisition of which is rendered so inexpressibly difficult. by all the moral hindrances which result from a nature wholly averse and opposed to it? Difficult indeed, impossible would

it be for us to obtain this best of all knowledge, the knowledge of ourselves and of the Lord Jesus Christ, were not the grace and strength of Him, who is able to save to the uttermost, promised to all who really seek them. "It is God which worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure;" and, *on this account*, we are exhorted to "work out our own salvation, with fear and trembling."

But remember, my dear S., *you* have a part to perform in this great work. Strive to understand what that part is. In reading the blessed word of God, carefully distinguish between what he has engaged to do, and what he requires you to do. Do your part faithfully, and he will certainly perform his. When I say you have something to do, I do not mean that you can do any thing which will serve you as a ground of justification, any thing to lay the Most High under any obligation to bestow his mercy upon you. What the precise connection is, which God has established between those means which he requires his creatures to use, and the attainment of his blessing, we do not know. Nor is it necessary we should. One thing we do know,—that it is the duty of every subject of God's moral government, to observe all the statutes of the Lord, to do them. You are called upon to seek first the kingdom of God, to strive to enter in at the strait gate, to ask that you may receive, to repent and believe the Gospel, to enroll yourself on the Lord's side, to renounce the world, and take up your cross,

and follow the Savior. Do you say, 'I cannot do this?' I answer, Has not God commanded you to do it? And does he command us to do what we are unable to do, what we cannot do if we will? Is there unrighteousness with God?

Do not encourage, on slight grounds, the hope that you are a Christian. Remember, my dear S., *you are now laying your foundation for eternity.* Solemn thought! Soon every man's work must be tried, what sort it is. Do not rest satisfied so long as the all important question, 'Am I a Christian or not?' is undecided. Dread nothing so much, as putting your hand to the plough, and looking back; as beginning to run well, and being hindered by a tempting world or a subtle enemy, or a treacherous heart. Determine in the strength of the Lord, that you will persevere unto the end, that you may be saved. The time is short. Heaven is worth laboring for. And in due time, you shall reap, if you faint not.

TO HER SON, AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1822.

My Dear J——,

You have been accustomed to come to me in all your difficulties, as your friend and adviser. What I have been to you, my son, I shall always be while I live. I wish you to write freely to me. Tell me what are your trials and enjoyments. Speak freely to me of your faults. And let me assure you, your heart

will always be in the wrong, when you are unwilling to do this. Your case will be alarming indeed, if you ever yield to a disposition to conceal your faults. Mr. C——* is your friend. Never think him the less so, because he tells you your faults. It is the best possible proof he can give you of his love. What motive can he have for reproving you, but a desire to promote your welfare? Receive his counsels and admonitions then with gratitude. Remember, my dear boy, you were not sent to Andover to trifle. You were not created to trifle. You were made to act, for the glory of God, and the good of mankind. Let your daily endeavor be, to live as one who must soon give account to God. Daily pray, Lead me not into temptation. And never do any thing which conscience tells you God does not approve. Farewell, my child. The God of your fathers, bless and sanctify you.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Oct. 8, 1822.

In the wicked world, with which you are now compelled to mingle to some extent, you will often hear wrong opinions advanced, and wrong actions vindicated. There are those who call evil good, and good evil, who put light for darkness, and darkness for light.

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* His guardian at Andover.

I wish you to be aware of this, and to expect that you will often meet with persons of this description. And, if you will not be corrupted and ruined, you must have a principle of some sort that will enable you to encounter such temptations without injury. Now what is the principle that will enable you to do this? In the first place, *an enlightened conscience*, to enable you to distinguish the right from the wrong, and in the next place, *firmness* or *stability*. You must judge for yourself, under a sense of your accountability to God; and then never, as you value your own peace of mind, do what you have decided that it is wrong to do. Depend upon it, a boy will always esteem you the more for a firm resistance of temptation, though he may laugh at you. Depend upon it, that independence which will hold you steadily in the right path, will ensure to you, not only your own peace of mind, but the respect of others. But, after all, God must be your helper and keeper. The Psalmist prayed, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." And this has been the prayer of all good men ever since. Heaven grant it may be yours.

What have you gone to Andover for, my son? God knows, I think I may say, that, on my part, you were sent thither to fit you the better to be the Lord's. Yes, you have been given to God. I have, in your behalf, renounced every thing which might hinder your being entirely his. I have devoted you to the service of the Savior. I submit cheerfully to all the

sacrifices connected with your separation from me, that you may prepare to stand upon the Lord's side, and be valiant for him on the earth. What say you to all this? Do you choose this service? Do you give yourself to God? Do you do this daily? Do you desire to manifest that you are on the side of Jesus Christ? My dear child, delay not to yield yourself up wholly to God. Be much in prayer, and in reading the bible. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. God forbid that you should resist all the weighty obligations which bind you to his service, and make your way through them all, down the fearful road that is trodden only by his enemies, and which terminates in the endless horrors of the second death! My heart sickens at the thought. I would take you by the hand, and conduct you in the blessed way marked by the steps of all holy beings who have lived on earth, by apostles and prophets, and by the great High Priest of our profession, Jesus the Son of God, who left us an example, that we should walk in his steps. It is a pleasant way, my dear J——. The peace of God descends upon the traveler who pursues the blessed path. It is "the highway of holiness;" and to them who walk in it, God is a sun and shade, a defense and deliverance. He holds them in his hand. He guides them by his counsel. He receives them up to glory.

TO HER SON AT ANDOVER.

Boston, March 9, 1823.

"Young people are apt to imbibe wrong notions on religious subjects. For instance, if there is not as much attention to religion in the Academy now, as there was last term, perhaps you may be thinking you are not as pressingly obligated to seek the salvation of your soul now, as then. This is wrong. What difference can it make in your duty, whether any other person is seeking Christ or not? What is that to you? Are you not bound to love God, and yield yourself to his service? Is not this the end for which you were created? Would it cease to be your duty, if in all this wide world you could not find one solitary christian? Certainly not. It is, therefore, as urgent a duty, for you to give yourself to God this term, as it was the last; yea, it is even more urgent than it was then."

Full well do her dear children remember her affectionate counsels and tender anxiety on their account. On her dying bed it was her first care to provide for them, buth ereaved as she and they were, she was obliged of course, to look out of the family circle for their protectors and guardians.

What a trial to such a parent to leave four orphan children at their tender age in a world like this; and how powerful must have been that faith, which enabled her so sweetly and calmly to resign herself to death, at a period when life seemed so important. But

she knew that her Redeemer lived, that the desires of the pious for the salvation of their children, were recorded on high, and that the promises of God stand sure. That although the eye of parental watchfulness was to be finally closed; that the Watchman of Israel, who never slumbereth or sleepeth, would guard them forever. Thus far the Lord hath certainly helped them, and we cannot forbear adding for the encouragement of pious parents, to be faithful to their children, that in our recent wonderful revivals, all these dear young persons, the subjects of so many prayers, and on whom so many eyes have been fixed, have been led to entertain hopes of their own piety. May they walk in the footsteps of their parents, and be singularly holy; and may their pathway to heaven, illumined by the light of parental example, be direct and sure!

We have alluded to the trials of Mrs. Huntington in leaving the parsonage, where she had so long dwelt. After her exchange of residence, we find the following paragraph from her private journal.

"*July* 13. Since I last wrote in my journal, I have passed through an eventful and interesting scene. I have left the parsonage-house, and am established by myself, in a distant part of the town, remote from most of our beloved people, alas! no longer mine. I was supported under this trial beyond all my expectations, though I have had some hours of bitter suffering.

The moment of leaving that habitation,—the scene of so many enjoyments, where I had spent eleven of the happiest years of my life, where I had loved and lost my husband, where I had experienced deliverances, and spiritual comforts, numerous and inexpressible,—was full of agony. It seemed like sundering myself from the last relic of departed joys. And the sense of loneliness I felt on first entering my own house, I cannot describe. All alone! Where, oh where the eye, the heart of sympathy; where the ear that will listen to the sorrows of my soul; where the being whose interests and hopes, whose joys and sorrows, are identified with mine? In all the wide world, my eye rests not on such a being. I shudder, and throw myself, as a weary and helpless stranger, at the feet of the widow's God, the orphan's Friend. I do not have those sensible comforts, nor those spiritual desires, which I long to feel. I have had some glimpses from above which have cheered me; but they were transient. Faith seems weak.

It is my desire to set up my altar to the Lord my God, and to consecrate to him all I have. I desire that *Holiness unto the Lord*, should be inscribed on every thing in my house. As to my situation, it is pleasant, and comfortable, so far as it can be. And if I had more of the presence of my Savior, I should covet nothing better or greater. I want comfort, joy in my Lord, such as I have had. Help me, O my God, to labor after holiness; to wrestle and strive for it,

and never give over till I have attained to perfection in it. Then shall I have perfection in happiness.

July 22. I have had more spiritual comfort of late, have felt more of that peace which the world knows not of, than for a long time. Though I desire to wait patiently all the days of my appointed time, till my change come, yet the prospect of one day loving, and serving, and glorifying my God perfectly, is inexpressibly consoling. Oh, shall I see him as he is? Shall I love him as I ought? Shall I glorify him to the full extent of my power? Then let me begin the work now. Let the holy flame of love kindle in my soul a godly zeal, to all duty, and against all sin. If I cannot be perfect here, let it be my constant desire and effort to press forward toward perfection. I have had a pleasant day. I think I do esteem the sabbath the best and sweetest of all days."

In August, 1821, she writes,

TO A FRIEND AT A.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1821.

The day your good husband called on me was a very trying one. A day when it became necessary for me to displace and look over many things left by the hand of him whom a righteous God has taken from me, and which I could have wished might never have been moved, while I live, from the places which he had given them. I do not know that the sense of sorrow occa-

sioned by that dispensation, was ever greater than on that day. And since, I have had moments, in removing, and when I first found myself alone in my new habitation, of almost insupportable sorrow.

Do not think, however, that I am habitually gloomy and unhappy. No, through the grace of God, I am enabled to say, Worlds would not tempt me to recal my dearly beloved husband to the toils and troubles of mortality. He has gone. I feel the stroke which leaves my heart to bleed. But who am I, to complain of the hand which has inflicted it! Could I feel more of His presence who, after all, is the only fountain of blessedness;—could I experience that entire satisfaction in Him alone, that exclusive love to Him, which shuts out all inferior desires, which I humbly hope I have experienced in times past; what more could I want?

My dear E——, the principal reason why we have no more spiritual enjoyment is, that we do not wholly renounce all expectations of happiness from the world. Look at Brainerd, and Martyn, and others of a similar spirit; how much they experienced of religious enjoyment. We read their history, and regard them as phenomena in the moral world, and hardly think of trying to imitate them. But why may we not imitate them? Were they not of like passions with ourselves? Was not the world the same to them that it is to us? Oh, for that inextinguishable thirst after conformity to God as our chief good, which will lead us to be sa-

tisfied with nothing short of it; which will enable us to oppose a resolute and effectual resistance to the temptations of a flattering and deceiving world!

August 5. I heard an interesting sermon to-day, in which the preacher spoke much of the believer's future glory; the crowns, and diadems, and splendors, and honors, of heaven. I felt as if heaven was not so much an object of desire to me on these accounts; and that honors and crowns would ill become so vile a rebel as I am. But the prospect of *perfect holiness and conformity to God!*—this, oh this is heaven. It seems to me but little matter what place I have, if God choose it, though it be but that of a door-keeper in his house. That will be the happiest place for me which is assigned me by my blessed Lord. If I may behold his glory, and do his will, and grow in his likeness, I would be anxious respecting nothing else.

This has been a good day to me. I think I had some communion with my risen and glorified Savior at his table. His example looks most lovely. I thought to-day, that I had never mourned for the sins of God's dear people, *because they dishonor the precious name of Christ*, as I ought: Oh, to long, and labor, and pray, for my own sanctification, and that of others, that my Savior may be glorified!

The feelings recorded in the last letter are perfectly characteristic of the writer: much of nature, great singleness of heart, and an exquisite sensibility, were strongly exhibited: yet throughout the holy principles of grace obviously triumphing. To a christian as truly as to any other person, inanimate objects may become very dear, when associated with the recollections of childhood and youth; but especially with friends who are dearly beloved. Who that has a heart to feel can fail to sympathise with her in her removal from the house in which she had so long and so pleasantly dwelt? Those who have been called not only to quit the paternal roof, but see the old mansions, associated with so many early and delightful recollections, pass into the hands of strangers, can readily enter into all the feelings here described. When death has entered a dwelling and bereaved us of a near friend, the vacant seat at table, or by the fire-side, the sight of the room, clothes, or any thing which belonged to the deceased, often prove overwhelming to the wounded heart; but in no spot perhaps, do we find feelings of this sort more completely overpowering to the mind, than when we enter the study of a minister of the gospel, who has gone to render his last account. The writings he has left, the books in which he so much delighted, seem almost a part of the living man; and yet affectingly remind us that we shall see his face no more. We deeply realize that this hallowed spot, was peculiarly the scene of his highest joys and most

poignant anxieties and sorrows. It was here that he poured out his soul in deep humiliation for sin, in earnest, persevering prayer for his family, his people and the Church of Christ. "It was here he fought and here obtained fresh triumphs o'er himself, and never withering wreaths compared with which the laurels which a Cæsar reaps, are weeds." Amid these affecting mementos, however, holy consolations abound: we open the Bible he has left, and although the spirit which animated all has forever fled, we read there, that having fought the good fight, and finished his course, he has already entered upon his everlasting reward. The house selected by Mrs. Huntington, for her residence, was in the western part of Boston, nearly a mile from the church and quite romote from most of her friends. She, however, appeared to enjoy the retirement which this location afforded her, as she had now more leisure for reading, instructing her children, and doing good abroad. Though she always considered that her family had the highest claims upon her attention, she did not feel justified in confining her efforts exclusively to them. The skillful thorough housewife, the faithful mother, were not, in her view, exempted from doing good abroad, but the better qualified to be publicly useful. The same discipline of mind, which prepared her for faithfulness in her own family, rendered it desirable that this little circle should not bound the sphere of her influence, and though *Home* was the

favored spot, where every female grace must brightest shine, she felt that the various religious societies of the present day had high claims upon her attention.

It may be well to state in this place, that, at the time of her death, Mrs. Huntington was a life member of the Female Orphan Asylum, and of the Fragment Society; a life member, and the Vice President of the Graham Society; a life member, and a director of the Corban Society, and of the Female Society of Boston and Vicinity, for promoting Christianity among the Jews; a life member, and the Corresponding Secretary, and one of the visiting and distributing Committee, of the Female Bible Society of Boston and Vicinity; an annual subscriber to the Widows' Society, and to the Boston Female Education Society; an annual subscriber to, and the Vice President of, the Old South Charity School Society; an annual subscriber to, and a Director of, the Boston Female Tract Society; a member of the Boston Maternal Association.

Mrs. Huntington knew that there was *time* for the performance of every duty required, but she also knew that to economize in her expenditure of this important gift by means of the most systematic arrrangements, was indispensable on her part, and that here lay the secret of accomplishing much in every undertaking. Persons who would do good consistently and

efficiently, must be controlled by principle, not impulse, and the sooner the youthful Christian learns this lesson, the better for himself and the church of Christ. After her removal; she engaged with much zeal, in the business of the distributing Bible Association. This was a Society distinct from the Bible Society referred to in her Memoirs, and resembled in its plan the Female Bible Association of Liverpool. The committee made it their business to explore the haunts of poverty and vice; and not only distributed the bible but looked up children for the Sabbath Schools, inquired into the circumstances of those whom they met, who were of a proper age for domestics, taking pains to procure them places, and conversed with the inhabitants of these abodes of wretchedness upon various subjetcs connected with their reformation; and while they pointed them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, gave them such practical instructions with regard to their families as their circumstances seemed to require. Possessed as she was of a sympathy ever active, inflexible faithfulness in conversing upon the concerns of the soul, and a happy talent of communicating her feelings, and instructions, she was eminently qualified for these visits of mercy. Long will her coadjutors in this work, remember her activity and zeal, and longer still will her sympathy and instructions be recollected by the recipients of her kindness. The plan of visiting this class of the poor, in person, as a systematic thing,

was new, and regarded by many as an impracticable scheme. There were some who shrunk from it as hazardous and improper; but Mrs. H. entertained no fears of this sort; she was following a Leader who when on earth, was familiar with poverty; and who has declared to his followers that the poor they shall always have with them.

She resided in her own house a little more than two years, during which period, she lost the two children whose deaths have been named. The eldest of these had been an invalid from infancy, and her mother, though exhibiting much tenderness in prospect of her death, evidently considered it, when it actually took place, as a happy release for the dear little sufferer.

With regard to her infant's death, she felt keenly, and thus writes.

TO A SISTER-IN-LAW AT N. L.

Boston, November 6, 1821.

You wish to be informed more particularly of the circumstance of my sweet Joshua's death. When I left him on Saturday he appeared as well as usual. The heat of the weather had made him rather thin and pale; but he was not otherwise unwell. He continued well till Wednesday morning, when he was seized with a diarrhea. This continued, sometimes apparently abating, till Friday morning; when it became apparent that the disease was the dysen-

tery. The doctor came to see him; and advised his removal to Mr. W.'s, where he could have all my friends near him. I think he must have fallen away greatly on Friday night, as the doctor did not speak of him as in a dangerous state, at the time of the visit just alluded to. On Saturday morning, the little sufferer was accordingly removed, forever removed. After he arrived at Mr. W.'s, he was, by the direction of the physician, put in a warm bath. But no one seemed to be aware of his real situation. Early on Saturday morning, I was sent for, and arrived at about half past one o'clock in the afternoon. Light of heart, I sprang out of the carriage to inquire for my child; for I had been told that he was not very sick, and his being at Mr. W.'s confirmed me in the opinion. Mrs. W. told me that he was now very sick. Still, however, my infatuation prevailed. I thought he could not be very sick, and be there. Judge then of my agony, when I entered the chamber, and saw my child, the darling of my soul, not as I left him, but engaged in his last conflict. I instantly recognised the hand of death, for I had seen it too often to be mistaken. Never shall I forget that look. Changed he was, but beautiful. There was a composed look, of meek and patient suffering; he looked as if he had quieted himself to die. His little eyes were already fixed. He did not know me. Oh, what a moment!—About an hour and a half after this, the last struggle commenced. I took him in my arms;

and, in a few minutes, he breathed his last sigh, as sweetly as ever a spirit disencumbered itself of its earthly habitation; and before I knew it, he was in heaven.

The greatest shock was the first. But my mind was unsettled all that, and the next day. I hardly knew where, or what I was. So little sensible had I been, how this darling babe had entwined himself about every fibre of my heart. On Monday, however, I was relieved and comforted. But that was one of the most solemn weeks of my life. The strong and intense excitements of it were almost too much for my feeble frame. So that when Elizabeth was taken sick, which was on the next sabbath, I sunk at once. She was soon released from all her sorrows. And I live to tell the tale. Who knows how much he is capable of enduring? I have since spent a few weeks at Andover, and am now quite well.

To her infant son, born after his father's death. Written in 1820.

"Sleep on, sleep on, thou little stranger,
Ere thy birth, an orphan made,
Usher'd into life and danger
'Neath affliction's deepest shade.

A father's eye shall never meet thee
With affection's kindly glow,
A father's welcome ne'er shall greet thee,
Baby, in this world of woe.

Death, that parent, friend, did sever
From this widow'd heart of mine;
Quench'd that eye's fond glance forever,
Ere this little life was thine.

Often now the burning tear
From thy mother's eye is streaming,
As she bends, 'twixt joy and fear,
O'er thy infant form so dear,
Thine, the while, serenely beaming;
'Why the tear that dims thine eye,
'Ah, my mother, tell me, why?'

Not because high heaven did pour
On me alone that storm of sorrow;
And not because time's fleeting wing
Shall never on its pinions, bring
To me the long deferred to-morrow
Which shall that friend again restore.
* * * * * * * *
But a dang'rous sea thou'rt crossing;
He, thy guide, to heaven is gone;
Storms that ocean deep are tossing;—
Baby, thou art all alone.

And, oh! what evils may betide thee?
Treach'rous rocks, and shoals, and snares;
No father's watchful eye to guide thee!
'Tis this that wakes thy mother's tears.

The following lines were added after the death of this child in 1821.

"'Tis over—past, forever past, that sea
Of tempest, snare and storm, so late my dread.
No more I view thee, darling boy, expos'd
Unfriended, on that frowning deep, where late
Thy slender little bark first tried its skill.
The angry wave on thee shall beat again
Its foaming billow, never. Nor rock, nor shoal,
Nor whirlpool's fatal eddy, nor the ills
Innumerable which my fancy painted,
Shall ever harm thee more. Safe art thou lodg'd
Beyond the reach of all I felt or fear'd.
Oh! how I feared for thee! how truant thought,
Presumptuous, unbelieving as I was,
Would" * * * * *

In the summer of 1823, Mrs. Huntington's health began to decline. Her lungs had long given her occasional trouble; but she was now afflicted with a severe cough, which did not yield to the ordinary remedies. An alarming hemorrhage at length took place; and having been previously debilitated by the cough, she became so weak as to excite much anxiety in the minds of her friends. A change of air was recommended, and a journey to Connecticut resolved upon. She wrote, herself, to a friend in New Haven, relative to some arrangements for the summer; but continuing very weak, she reliquished the

design, and the latter part of August, removed to Braintree to the house of an intimate friend, a few miles distant from Boston. Here she enjoyed fresh country air, and the society and attentions of valued and devoted friends. Every thing was done which kindness could suggest; and her christian friends in Boston and elsewhere were continually offering up fervent prayers for her restoration. But death was obviously approaching. Consumption's ghastly form could no longer be mistaken. She desired her physician's candid opinion, and on being told that he entertained no hopes of her recovery, manifested some feeling, but received the communication with submission, and thanked him for being so explicit.

She returned to her own house in Boston, in October, and with much calmness and deliberation, made every arrangement to leave her family. Having gained the consent of a friend whom she highly valued, to become the guardian of her children, she saw or wrote to those friends, with whom she wished them to reside.

Mrs. Huntington, as we have seen, was occasionally subject to depression of spirits; and frequently, when her nervous system was weak, did she feel much anxiety with regard to the genuineness of her past religious experience. During her last sickness, she for a time entertained some doubts on this subject, fearing that she had not been sufficiently humbled for sin; but these fears were soon removed, and

she enjoyed a peaceful, happy frame of mind during the remainder of her life. As her disease was of the lungs, she could not always converse with her friends as much as they would have wished; still, her sick chamber was a place of instruction to many, and with her pastor who saw her often, she conversed very freely, with regard to her own views of death. We have room for only brief extracts from his notes in the memoir, which work, together with his sermon on her death at the end of the book, we would recommend to the perusal of our readers.

"After prayer she said, 'We have indeed a faithful God, a precious Savior; but how limited our knowledge, how imperfect our views of eternal things!' It was replied, 'What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Soon, if we are christians, we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known. And now we know that when Christ shall appear, if we are the children of God, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' 'That,' said she, "is enough. How different will be our views! How differently shall we view sin! I seem never to have known what it is, till within the last few weeks. And now, I am convinced, I know very little of its evil and hateful nature. How can we trifle with it as we do?'

"This day had been set apart by the church to which she belonged, as a season of fasting and pray-

er, the forenoon to be spent, as far as paramount duties would permit, in private devotion, and a meeting of the church to be held in the afternoon, and again in the evening. She alluded to the subject, expressing a hope that it might be a pleasant and profitable season to the whole church, as pleasant and profitable as she had found the last church fast; and added, 'I wish I could be with you.'. It was answered, 'you can; we are going to the throne of grace, and you can be there also.' She replied, 'I will try. May the Holy Spirit be in the midst of you, producing in every heart godly sorrow for past unfaithfulness, and reviving the spirit of obedience and of effort to promote the work of the Lord!'

"She then inquired respecting the 'Ladies' Distributing Bible Association,' and the Female Associations in connexion with the "Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society of Boston and Vicinity," which had recently been formed in the city, and, upon receiving some account of them, expressed her satisfaction in being permitted to hear of these new and systematic efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. It was observed, 'You see God's work on earth will go on, although you and other instruments are laid aside.' She replied, 'Oh, what have I been? Nothing. I have done nothing, compared with what I ought to have done. He needs no instruments; it is infinite condescension in him to employ them: and when he takes away those he has employed, he has no further

use for them here. I am going,—I hope where I shall serve him better—without sin, and with all my powers, for ever.'

"Friday, Nov. 7. To the usual inquiry respecting the state of her mind, she said, Mrs. Graham accurately describes my feelings, when she says, "Thus far has the Lord brought me through the wilderness; bearing, chastising, forgiving, restoring. I am near to Jordan's flood. May my blessed High Priest and Ark of the Covenant lead on my staggering steps the little further I have to go." 'I have had no rapturous views of the heaven to which I hope I am going, no longings to depart. But I have generally been enabled to feel a calm submission, and to realize the fulness and the preciousness of the Savior. I desire to feel perfect resignation to the will of God because it is his will. O how sweet, to be willing to be just where, and just what, God pleases; to rejoice that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. This, in its perfection, is, I think, a principal source of the happiness of heaven. Pray that God would enable me to feel thus while suffering from weakness and pain, and entering the dark valley.'

"Frequently, during her sickness, she had expressed to her pastor, a desire that he would, if possible, be with her in her last moments. On Thursday, December 4th, he was informed, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, that she had failed greatly since morning,

and would probably survive but a little longer. He immediately repaired to her residence, and found her sleeping, but very restless, and breathing with great difficulty. She continued in this state, except that respiration became constantly more difficult, through the afternoon and evening. About eleven o'clock the difficulty of breathing became so great, as to overcome the disposition to slumber. Intelligence, it was found, still remained. She was asked "if she knew she was near her end.' She answered by a sign, in the affirmative. It was said, 'I hope you feel the presence of the Savior sustaining and comforting you.' She assented. 'Your faith and hope in him are unshaken?' Her reply was in the affirmative. A few minutes after, her sight failed; and, at twenty minutes past eleven, her spirit entered into rest.

"Her end was full of peace,
Fitting her uniform piety serene.
'Twas rather the deep humble calm of faith,
Than her high triumph; and resembled more
The unnoticed setting of a clear day's sun,
Than his admired departure in a blaze
Of glory, bursting from a clouded course."

My object has been in writing this little memoir, my dear young friends, as I told you in its commencement, to show you the character of Mrs. Huntington in her childhood and youth with more minuteness than was practicable in the larger work. I have also giv-

en a brief view of her life throughout, and followed her from early childhood to the bed of death. My materials have not been ample, and I am aware that the design has been but imperfectly executed. It has not been my purpose to give you a minute detail of facts; but merely a representation of character. The life of a female pursuing quietly the various duties of domestic life, is seldom replete with striking occurrences; and many things may be said, written, or done by even such a person as she was, which are worth no more on record, than the color of the clothes which she wore, or the kinds of food which she best liked. The details of fictions, narratives, and even of the biography of the great and good, are often rendered tedious by the introduction of facts wholly irrelevant to the professed design of the work, and serving indeed no higher purpose than to make a book, unless it is to call into exercise the reader's patience and forbearance.

I have endeavored to exhibit to you the moral and intellectual character of Mrs. Huntington, and to show you the secret springs of action, which moved her onward; and while you have considered her as a thinking, acting being, conscious, indeed, of the shortness of time, but contemplating, in all that she did, an immortal existence beyond the grave, you have also seen how she felt, thought, and conducted, under circumstances by no means rare, and in which you yourselves may be called to act. You have seen

her character exhibited in the various domestic relations, and also in the highly responsible station of the wife of a minister of the gospel; the latter demanding not only most of the characteristics which go to make up female excellence, but also elevated intellectual and christian attainments. You have seen that with comparatively few advantages of early education, she possessed a refined taste and a cultivated intellect. That when religion was at a low ebb, almost unknown among children, and unfashionable among all ages, she could embrace it in early life, and with all her timidity, stand forth in the circle of the gay and the learned, as the champion of the bible. Mrs. Huntington, previous to her marriage, was accustomed to a retired life, and to moving in the limited sphere of a secluded village; yet she could adorn the polished circles of a metropolis, and immediately on her transition to a new and conspicuous sphere of action, could command the respect of the wise and good.

Having been accustomed to regulate her own time, and loving naturally and habitually moral and intellectual pursuits, she became at once the busy housekeeper, and attentive mother. We have seen that possessing an acute sensibility and a heart glowing with love to her friends, she could endure not only without a murmur, but with cheerful submission to the will of God, a sad and singular succession of bereavements; and finally die herself with the most perfect resignation, leaving four helpless orphans, who lost in

her their last near friend, and who were at an age eminently needing a mother's care.

What then strikes you in this review as the prominent, directing and sustaining principle, which has led to these happy results? Is it not the faith of the gospel? How unspeakably valuable, how glorious does that revelation appear, which has brought life and immortality to light, which teaches us what God is, and what we ourselves are; how to live, and how to die.

The scriptures describe the path of the just as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Nothing can be more beautiful than this illustration of the christian's progress, and in the life which we have been contemplating, we have seen it, in part at least, strikingly exemplified. Her light was indeed bright at first, but we see it obviously increasing, and in nothing more strikingly than in her manner of enduring affliction. In early life, we find her full of hope and joy, anticipating trials indeed, but feeling that it would be *easy* to suffer in so good a cause; and in private conversation with some of her friends more advanced in age, soon after she entertained hope of her own piety, expressing herself with great confidence on this subject. She imagined that she could meet with resignation any trial which it should please God to inflict, go wherever He should call her to go, and even meet death without a fear, if He should call her then from the world.

In these expectations she was soon brought to see

that she had been mistaken, and as she understood *herself* better, not only saw the *necessity*, but rejoiced in the *privilege*, of going to Christ for fresh supplies of strength to enable her to meet, even the ordinary trials of life.

In reading the account of Mrs. Huntington's progress as a christian, while we find ourselves ready to exclaim, how lovely is youthful piety! we are struck with the *indispensable necessity* of beginning early. With so much to learn, so many conflicts to sustain, and dangers to encounter, how important does it seem that the dew of our youth should be consecrated to the Lord.

Those who postpone repentance and the service of God to old age, feeling that a remnant of this life is all that they can spare for preparation for another, not only incur the fearful risk of losing their souls, but voluntarily deprive themselves, should they succeed in becoming christians at the time which they have reserved for this great work, of one of the highest pleasures of a religious life: viz, that of connecting in their reflections, the purest enjoyments of this life, with the lively and interesting recollections of childhood and youth. So powerful are the associations of early life that few survive them. In other words, they continue often to advanced age, when the memory is so far impaired that the recollection of all that intervenes is entirely obliterated from the mind; and they often stamp with pleasure or pain, places and objects

so strongly, as not to be affected by any reasonings of mature age. How desirable, therefore, does it appear, that, in old age, if we should arrive at it, we should be able to reflect upon that part of our existence, most vividly remembered, as having been spent in the service and love of God.

Our regret for the mere loss of time in which we might have increased in holiness will be but a slight source of compunction, compared with the heart-rending reflection, that our best powers of body and mind, our liveliest affections, our strongest susceptibilities, were all consecrated to the service of sin and satan, and that nothing is left for the Being whom we best love, and for the noblest and purest enjoyments of earth, but a decayed body and a broken down mind, and affections which has been worn out on objects which we cannot contemplate without horror and the deepest self-reproach. To begin our religious course in youth (says a great English writer,) is like taking a steed of fire for some noble enterprise, instead of one already tamed with time and labor, or nearly worn down.

To beings like ourselves, these considerations ought to be sufficient, yet we see so many young persons blind to their brightest good, heeding neither the privileges, or enjoyments of youthful piety, that we cannot forbear reminding them of their peculiar advantages in being permitted to commence their christian life in the present auspicious period of the church.

You have facilities and encouragements, my young friends, hitherto unexampled. Contemplate for a moments, the improvement made in education, the variety of instruction, books published, especially for your benefit, and the multiplied plans of usefulness which call for your co-operation. In addition to these, young persons of both sexes are now pressing into the church, and the field for christian enterprize is so constantly extending, that every species of talent will soon be in requisition, and the demand for youthful laborers become imperious.

Let no youth or child, who is old enough to understand his duty, allege that he is yet too young to begin to do good. There is employment for all, and we see that quite small children can make themselves useful. Numerous accounts have been given of children who voluntarily deny themselves the little superfluities which they have been accustomed to purchase, and who appropriate their pocket money in aiding the great religious charities of the day. The purchasing and distribution of religious tracts is perhaps one of the best modes of active usefulness, for the young, and we hope to see Juvenile Tract Societies extensively formed throughout our country. But all of every age may do good by a correct example, and at the present day we have many accounts of parents, who have been first awakened to a sense of their own guilt and danger by the piety of their young children. Nothing pleads more powerfully in behalf of the gospel than

an example of consistent piety in a child. How wonderful is the account recently published in Boston of Nathan W. Dickerman, who received his first religious instructions and impresions in a sabbath school, and was, at the time of his decease, only in the eighth year of his age. His remarks upon religious subjects are so striking, and his answers to those who questioned him so pertinent, that in many instances they could be scarcely credited, did they not come to us from the most unquestionable authority. The whole memoir is very interesting, and forms one of the most striking instances of the power of divine grace which we have seen exhibited. We recommend it to our readers as a book to be read more than once.

We have contemplated with much pleasure, the variety of methods in which young ladies, at the present day, are contriving to do good. The exercise of taste and ingenuity greatly improves their characters, but the efforts prompted, and the habits of industry acquired, are of still greater importance. We are rejoiced to see that the retiring female may now volunteer her services in plans of public utility, without incurring the imputation of boldness or ostentation; for to her sex is opening a door of usefulness hitherto unknown. Amid the important discoveries of modern times it is found that women have minds not only capable of high mental culture, but peculiarly fitted for usefulness to the church, and while they are rapidly advancing as intellectual beings towards that station

for which they were obviously designed, their moral influence also will be proportionably increased. As teachers in bible classes and sabbath schools, they may now exert an auspicious and powerful influence, and when their education in literature and science shall have become so thorough, that they are regarded as competent teachers in our higher schools, then shall we see the progress of female intellect greatly facilitated and its influence operating in its own legitimate channels, viz., the education of females; for women, (other things being equal) are no doubt much better qualified to form the minds and manners of their own sex than men can possibly be.

Let every young lady, whatever may be her rank in life, be so *taught* that she may be able to teach others. Female education has hitherto been too superficial, consisting, to a great extent, in accomplishments without any regular mental discipline. Learning now is becoming too common among women, to make them satisfied with moderate attainments, or to suffer them to imagine that display in society is the principal end for which they study. This species of distinction is altogether unworthy of a rational and immortal being. To *be*, and not to *appear*, must in future be their aim; and then it will be found that those acquirements, which in females have often been ridiculed, because their possessors did not know how to use them, may be brought to bear practically, and with important effect upon the appropriate duties of the sex.

Females well educated are peculiarly qualified to be useful as writers on moral and religious subjects. It was said by the late Dr. Dwight, that Mrs. More had done more good to the British nation, than Lord Nelson with his splendid train of naval achievements. She wrote with great effect upon the subject of education, and has ever manifested a lively interest in the rising generation. We regret that her early prose works are so little read by young persons at the present day, containing as they do much practical instruction, peculiarly designed for youth. Every well educated woman should if possible possess her works entire; but she should never consider her education as complete, until she has perused them. Among American females, cannot one be found who will try to benefit her country in a similar way? Say not, "We do not possess her talents." You know not your own strength until you have tried it. The plea of inability will never help you onward, and is no more to be accepted, (before you have tried,) as a valid excuse for inaction in your intellectual, than in your religious pursuits. Mrs. More never could have anticipated half of what she has actually accomplished; and had she suffered herself to be thus discouraged, where would have been the writings with which she has delighted the world, and which will contribute so greatly to brighten her crown of future glory.

In seeking to do good it is very important that we study our own characters, and ascertain what we can

attempt most advantageously. A rational self confidence, decision, and perseverance, are essential to success. Having decided on the object as being within our means, we must believe that we shall succeed and be less desirous to *discover* than to *overcome* difficulties. Mrs. Huntington was distinguished in early life for moral decision. If she saw her duty clearly before her, she was not to be deterred from performing it, by supposing any impossibilities to exist. Having avowed herself on the Lord's side, she went resolutely forward, making no compromise with an alluring world, which should prevent her from considering religion as the great business of the present life, and the promotion of God's glory as the ultimate object of all her efforts. To this prominent feature of her christian character, may we attribute her uncommon attainments in piety in early life; commencing as she did at a period when compared with yours, her advantages were certainly few. The great moral machinery now operating so successfully was then to a great extent unknown, and the approach of the latter day glory of the church, though an object indeed of the christian's hope and faith and prayers, had been whispered only by the breath of prophecy. Christians *then* more emphatically than *now* walked by faith, and not by sight, and it would seem that more of the grace of God was necessary to move them onward, surely and successfully, than in this more favored era of the church.

We believe it to be our privilege to witness the dawn of millenial glory, and to all who doubt we would say, can ye not discern the signs of the times? Our Savior's first coming was foretold by a star in the east, but long since has it been predicted that the approach of his second and more glorious advent, should be first perceived in this Western World; that on our own happy land should be shed the first rays of millenial light. Who cannot discover in the wonderful and unexampled out-pouring of the Spirit at the present period, and in the universal dissemination of the word of God, strong indications that this prophecy is about to be fulfilled; and who is not ready to ask in connection with these glorious events, What means a moving world? What mean the shaking of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, the tottering of thrones, the falling of crowns, and the mighty revolutions of empire in the old world? He whose right it is to reign directs these changes. Who then can behold them and not hear Him say, "Surely I come quickly." Even so; come, Lord Jesus! Amen.

As the letters of Mrs. Huntington in this little volume have not been introduced in chronological order but as they were required to illustrate any character, or promote an other interesting design of the work, it is thought that an index may be found convenient.

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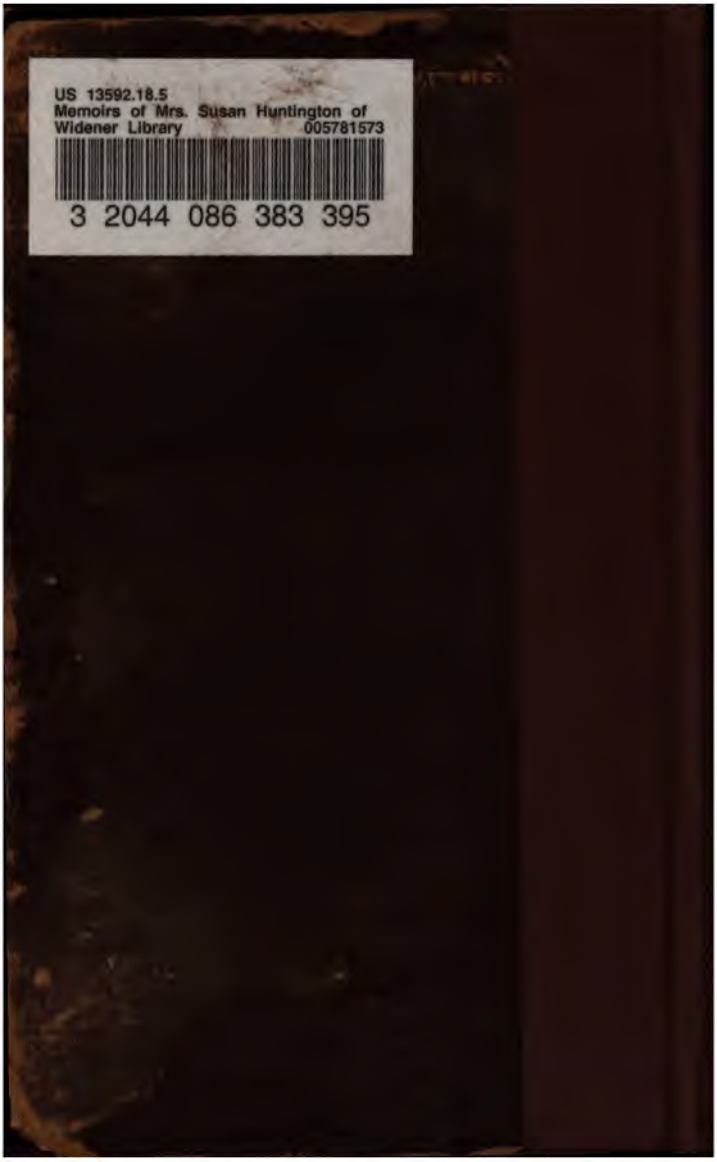
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